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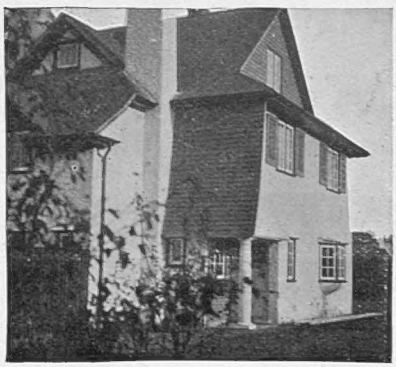

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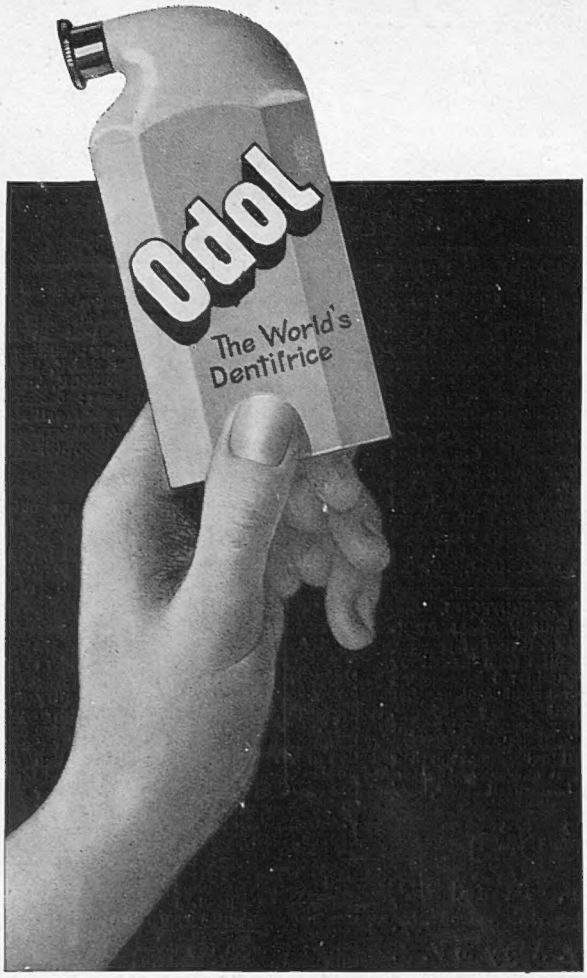

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No. 234.—Vol. XVIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 27, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Reynauld*

"WELCOME! FRIEND FALLIÈRES!"

The latest portrait of M. Fallières, President of the French Republic, whose visit to this country, in connection with the Franco-British Exhibition, serves to consolidate still further the friendly relations between the two nations

No. 234.—Vol. XVIII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman." By T. P. O'Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton: 1s. net.)
"Secrets of the Past." By Allen Upward. (Owen: 6s.)
"Dean's Hall." By Maud Goldring. (Murray: 6s.)
"Spirit, Matter, and Morals." By R. D. Stocker. (Owen: 1s.)
"The British Miniature Rifle." By W. W. Greener. (Everett: 1s.)
"Scarlet Runner." By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Modern Marriage and How to Bear It." By Maud Churton Braby. (Laurie: 3s. 6d. net.)
"A Morning Squatter." By Nat Gould (Long: 6d.)
"What Woman Wills." By Lucas Cleeve. (Long: 6s.)
"The Disappearance of Nicholson." By Cyrus Ainsworth. (Ouseley: 1s. net.)
"The Cotswolds." Painted by G. E. Nicholls; described by F. Duckworth. (Black: 6s. net.)
"The Peak District." Painted by W. B. Gardner; described by A. R. H. Moncrieff. (Black: 6s. net.)
"The Nationalisation of Railways." By A. E. Davies. (Black: 1s. net.)
"The Camera in the Fields." By F. C. Snell. (Fisher Unwin: 2s.)
"Motoring Annual, 1908." (*Motoring Illustrated*: 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Wheel o' Fortune." By Louis Tracy. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

THE BYSTANDER

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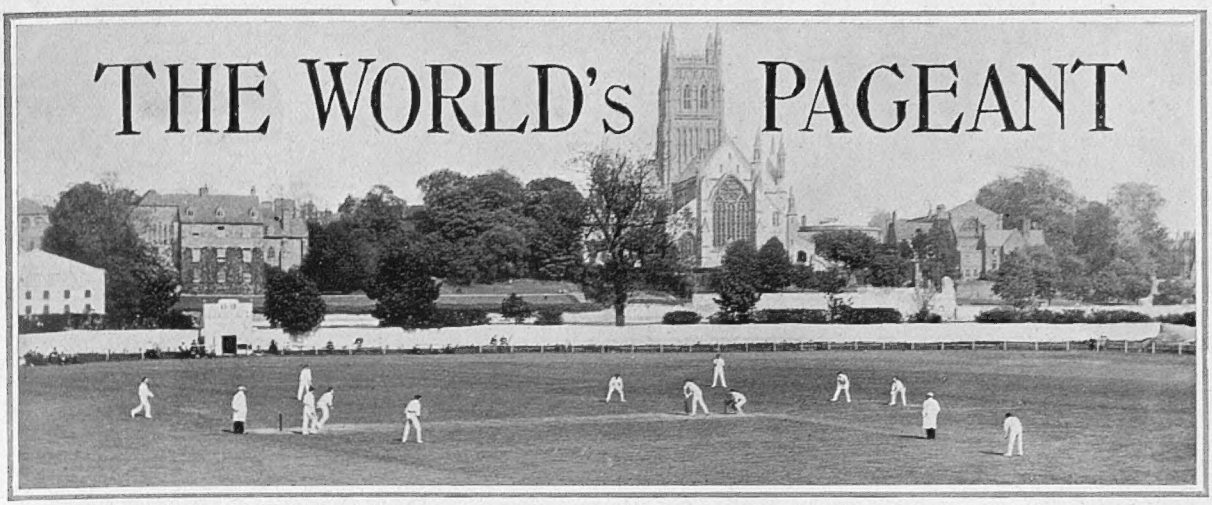
POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES, care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT



Photo] **The Finest Match of the Season—Surrey v. Worcester: Crawford Bowling** [*Sport and General*

The best match of the season so far was that in which Surrey beat Worcestershire on the picturesque ground at Worcester last week by 14 runs. The feature of the match was H. K. Foster's splendid innings of 174. Crawford's bowling was the best of the match

It is Over!

Yesterday, Tuesday, May 26, was a great day. All over the country, numbers of people mafficked quietly, though they hung out no flags and wore no daisies. The occasion? The occasion, gentle reader, was one of quiet rejoicing at the *passing* of Empire Day. The quiet people in question were glad in their hearts that it was over, and that for another 364 days they would (perhaps) be free from flags and daisies and singing school-children, and Lord Meath. Personally, I adore the Empire—but such enforced patriotism as attends the celebration of this somewhat vague and indeterminate festival is, to my mind, more provocative of harm than good. We have sure'y, a sufficient number of fête days and anniversaries already in existence for the display of patriotic feelirg without this arbitrary innovation.

* * *

The Week's Events

With the arrival in London of President Fallières, the season of 1908 reaches its height. The usual State functions, to-night's Gala Performance, last night's State Ball, the visits to the Exhibition and the City, and to-morrow's dinner to the King and Prince of Wales at the French Embassy, are punctuated by a number of more private affairs, all of great social interest. There is the flower show in Inner Temple Gardens, always a favourite affair; Lady Maitland's entertainment at the Scala Theatre on Thursday and Friday; and parties by Lady Ancaster, Mrs. Arthur James, Lady Redhouse, Louisa, Lady Vivian, and Mrs. Mark Fenwick; while on Monday, the King and Queen and Princess Victoria, the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Patricia are to be present at a great ball to be given by Lord and Lady Londesborough at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, in honour of the début of their daughter, Lady Irene Denison.

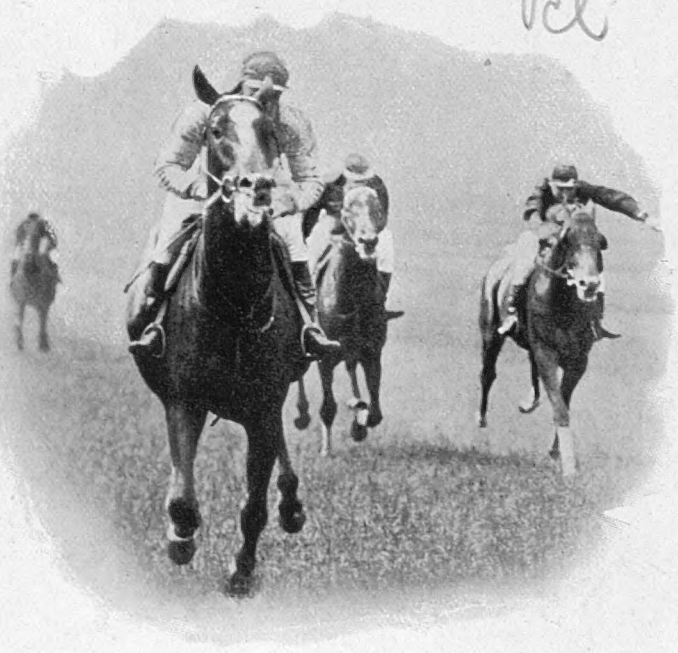


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Fancied for the Derby: Colonel Hall Walker's White Eagle Winning the Payne Stakes at Newmarket

Randall has been engaged to ride him in the Derby, for which the colt is well fancied

* * *

The Queen at Ranelagh

The presence of the Queen at Ranelagh last Saturday formally inaugurated what promises to prove a brilliant season. Her Majesty, who wore in her hat Lord Meath's fair emblem of Empire—a wreath of daisies — and a long, mauve-lined wrap over a black-and-white dress, was, as usual, full of animation and most appreciative. In the morning she had accompanied the King and Prince and Princess of Wales to Chelsea, where his Majesty inspected, for the last time before their removal to Dover, the boys of the Duke of York's School, and in the evening the King and Queen and Princess Victoria attended the performance of *Aida*, given for the first time this season at Covent Garden. This week, balloonists from all over the world will assemble at Hurlingham for the balloon race on Saturday, and there is some interesting polo at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

* * *

Reval

Reval, where the King will meet the Tsar, is a quaint cosmopolitan little city set high on a hill in the extreme west of the Tsar's dominions. The town, like

The Clamour for More Daylight

Photo Illustrations Bureau

Mr. William Willett
Who wants to take liberties with time in order that we may postpone our entrance into eternity, has the support of many public men in his Daylight Saving scheme. More daylight, they say, means better health and longer lives for us all

Photo Halftones, Ltd.

John Macgregor (alias Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya)
The Scot apostle of Buddhism, who is endeavouring to convert London to his Oriental beliefs. He opened his "mission," under distinguished patronage, at Kensington Town Hall last week

the Irishman said, to progress backwards. Only the Suffragettes, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Willett, of Daylight Saving fame, guide our feet into the way of progress. In fashions we return to the Directoire of the later eighteenth century; in sport, at any rate, in woman's branch of it, to the archery and croquet of an early Victorian era; in manners, the careful and courteous is superseding the rough and ready; and in morals, most towns on the Russian Baltic, is mainly German. Reval is very ancient, but it was not until some two centuries ago that it surrendered to Peter the Great, who provided it with a military harbour and laid its foundations as one of the chief stations of the Russian Navy. An old saying declares that "Esthonia is an elysium for the nobility, a heaven for the priesthood, a mine of gold for the stranger, but a hell for the peasant" — which goes to prove that, after all, it is a Russian province!

* * *

Progressing Backwards

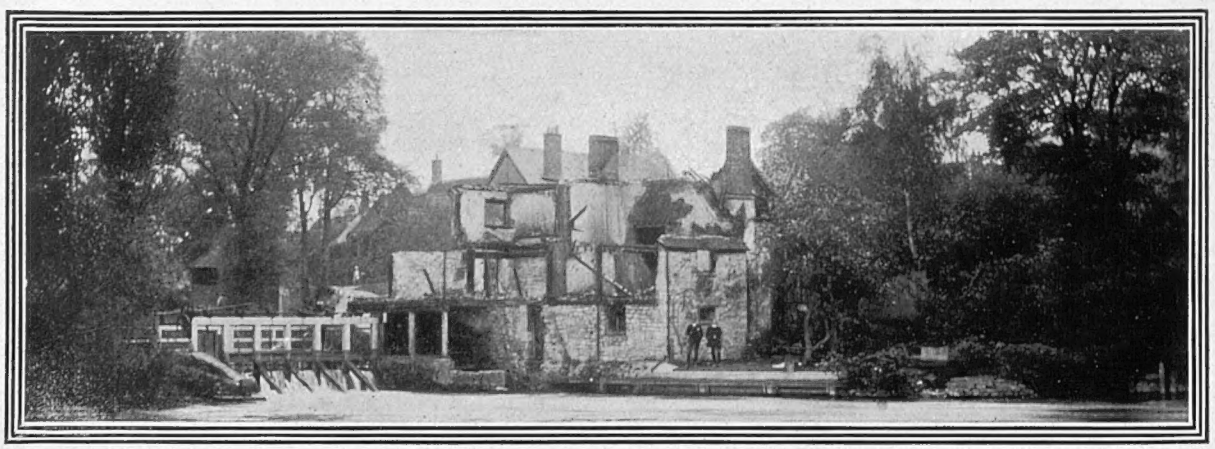
We are inclined, as well, who among us can boast a grandparent who, habitually, takes his after-dinner snooze under the table?

* * *

Restaurants and the Daylight Bill—

The causes of retrogression, as Women Suffragists know but too well, may generally be traced to the feminine portion of the community. A graceful backward progress, or even the stationary position, appeals far more strongly to the average, intellectually-indolent woman than the more strenuous struggle forward. The only really serious objection raised to the Daylight Saving Bill, then, is of the retrogressive order. The restaurant habit is the pet vice of women, old men, and boys. The fashionable restaurateurs and hotel-keepers, therefore, are, *en masse*, opposed to the Bill, their clients having intimated that they would object very much should it become necessary for them to don evening dress for the greater part of the year *in daylight!*

Destroyed! Iffley Mill Before the Fire

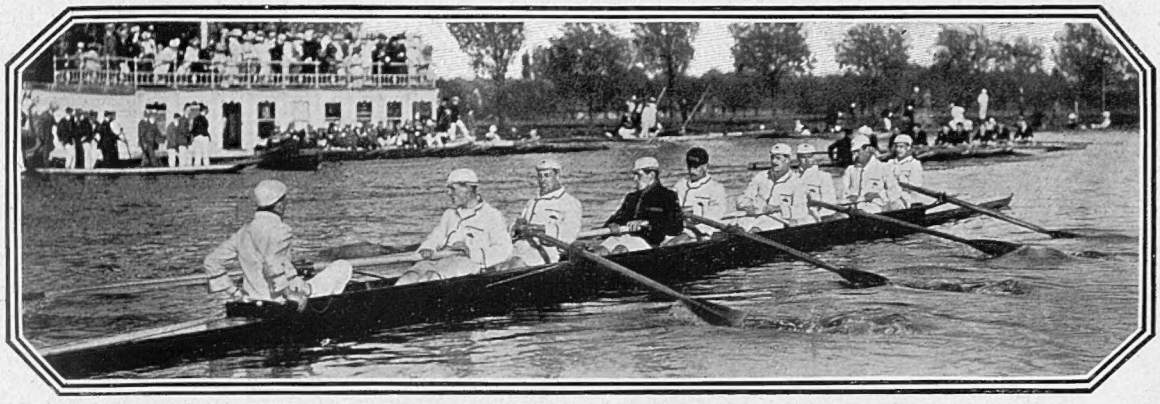


Photos] **A Lost Beauty of Oxford: Iffley Mill After the Fire which Destroyed It** *[Bolak*

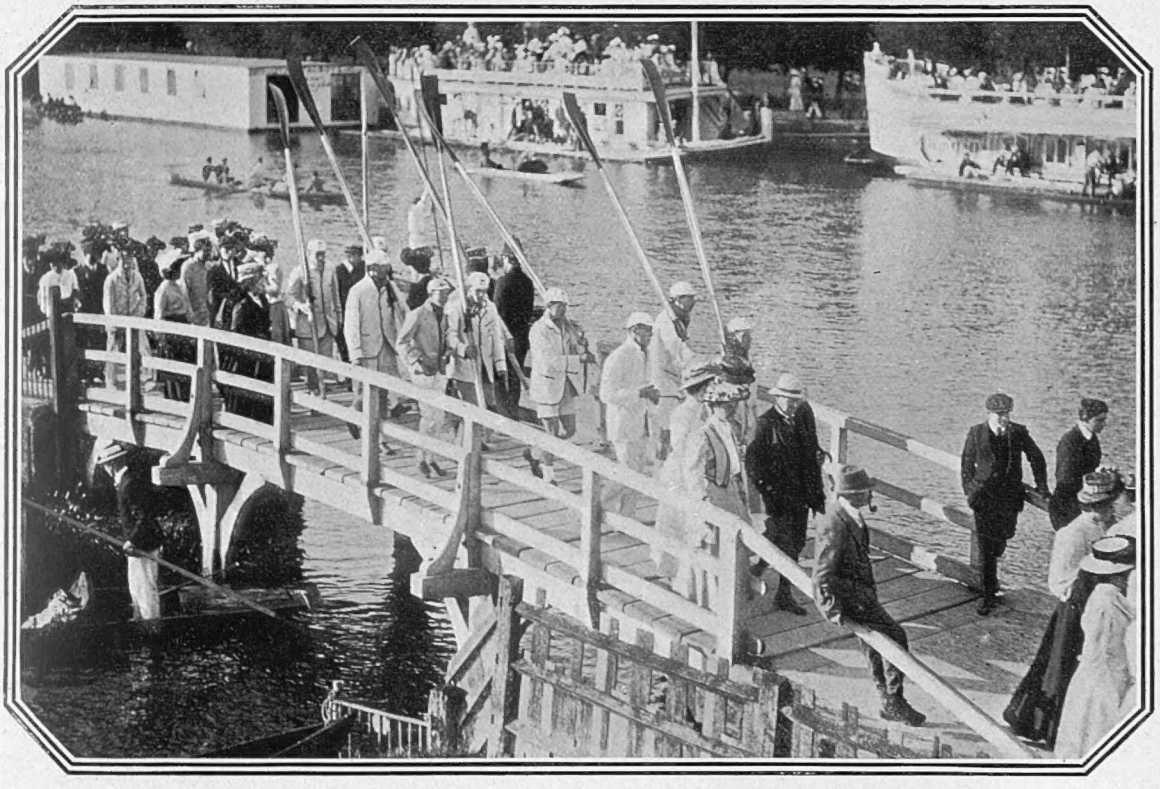
The beautiful and famous old mill at Iffley, which was last week destroyed by fire, was one of the most interesting and charming spots on the river. It was two miles down from Oxford, and a row from Folly Bridge, without the old mill, will be a sad thing. The fine building was a favourite of Ruskin's. How he would have mourned its loss! That is left for those who, if they loved it less learnedly than he, loved it at least as well

"The House," "The Hall," and the Headships

THE EIGHTS AND THE "MAYS" AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE



"The House": Christchurch Eight, Head of the River (Oxford) at the start of the racing last week



At Oxford: "The House" carry their oars down to the river

Photos *Sport and General*

"The Hall": Trinity Hall (Cambridge) Eight, who will start Head of the River when May Week begins, on June 10

Smart Naval Work at the Tournament

—And its Supporters

In its favour are such men as Lord Avebury, Sir Robert Ball, all the general managers of the railway companies (with the exception, naturally, of Mr. Gooday, of the G.E.R.), a representative contingent of important City men, and the whole great mass of the working people. Sir Robert Ball, despite the fact that, as an astronomer, he confessedly considers daylight "a mistake altogether," is, nevertheless, in the common cause, a whole-hearted supporter of any scheme which would "cheat us into early rising," and Lord Avebury is championing the cause of the sun-starved clerk with no less energy and interest than he exhibits in connection with his "innumerable bees"—or is it that he scents, through the scheme, the opportunity of saving enough daylight to serve for one more Bank Holiday a year?

* * *

The Naval and Military Tournament

The annual Tournament at Olympia, which has already been visited by the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, is, if anything, more interesting than ever this year. Everything is ready there, and the whole proceedings go with a slap and a dash truly soldierly. A feature of the Tournament this season is the number of French people present at each performance, and some favourite things of the show itself are the ever-popular musical ride of the 1st Life Guards, the gun-drill competition between men from the *Excellent*, *Victory*, *Pembroke*, *Wildfire*, and *Vivid*, and some very fine jumping by the Royal Horse Artillery. A realistic war-dance by a contingent of the West African Regiment sends everyone home completely satisfied with these strong proofs of our national "defences."

* * *

To Win the Woman

While her "dining, dressing, and delighting" sisters are returning to archery at Ranelagh, trailing Directoire gowns at Hurlingham, and generally encouraging a willing world to tread the primrose path of dalliance, the suffrage-demanding woman is setting herself the hardest task of her life. Mr. Asquith, with that naïve *volte face* which distinguishes the members of the present Government, has promised that in a scheme for a new electoral system an amendment granting votes to women would not be resisted, for "the simple and sufficient reason that probably some two-thirds of my colleagues in the Ministry are in favour of it." The rest then lies with the woman. The opinion of womanhood has to be organised. She must desire the vote collectively, and not in isolated instances. Having overcome the indifference of man, the Suffragette now has the harder task of overcoming the indifference of woman; of teaching her to look outside her own immediate interests, to think imperially, to use her intellect. Truly a Herculean work! And one, too, in which all the forces of old Mother Nature are in league against the attacking party.

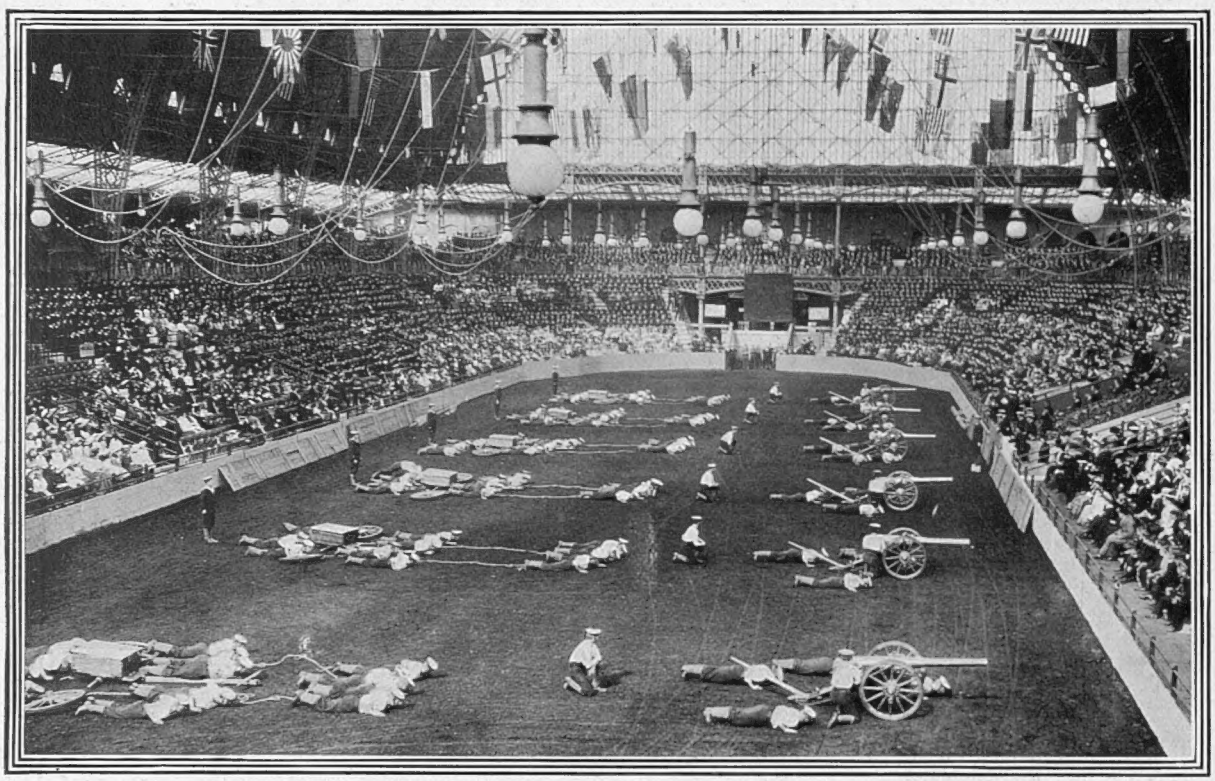
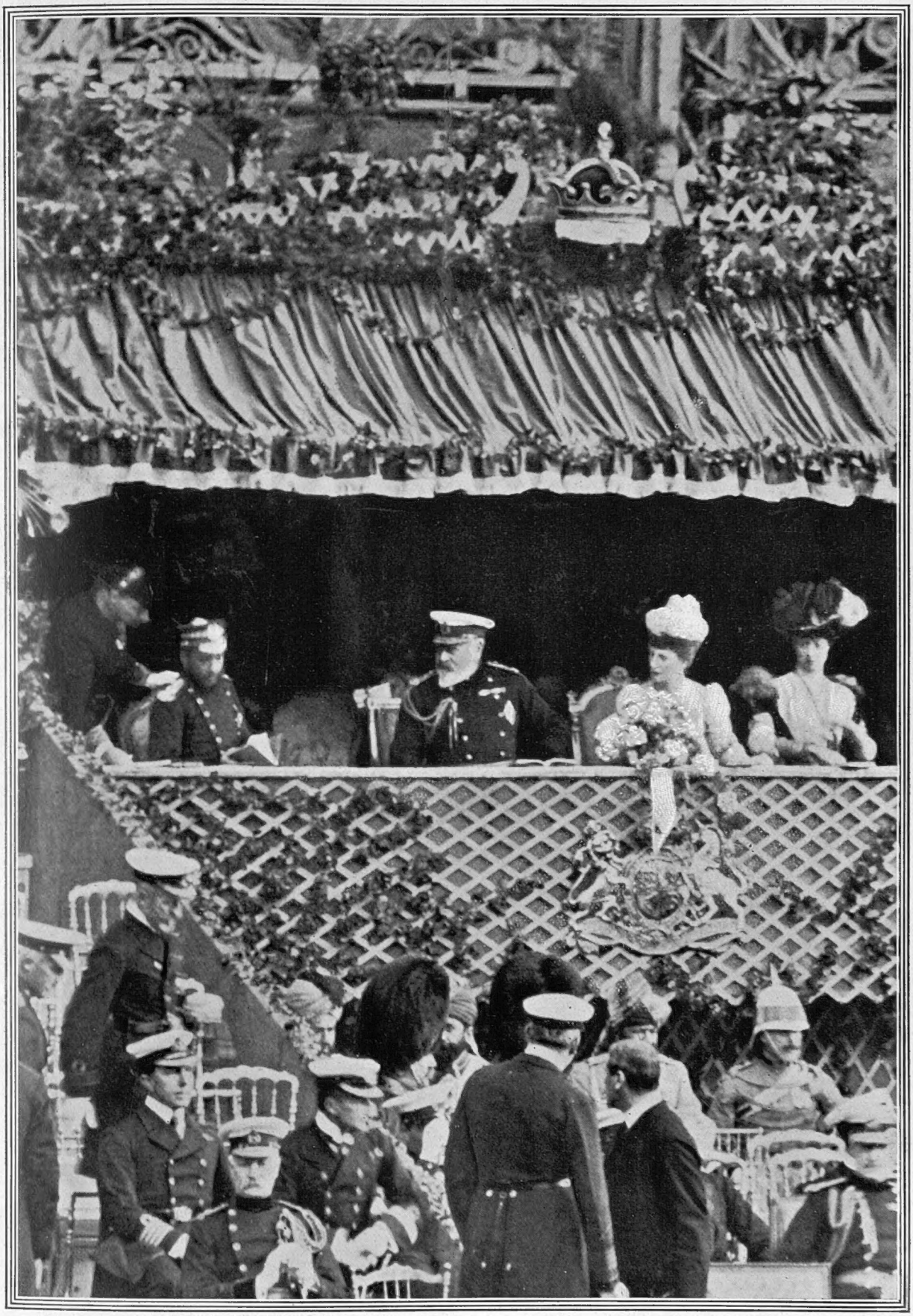


Photo *Gale and Polden*

The Spectacle-in-Chief at the Naval and Military Tournament: Bluejackets Manœuvring their 12lb. Guns

Seven thousand school boys and girls enjoyed the Full Dress Rehearsal of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament at Olympia on the day before the opening day, filling the vast amphitheatre from top to bottom. The *pièce de résistance* is the performance by a detachment of Bluejackets, who manœuvred their 12lb. guns with marvellous rapidity and precision. The weird native war dance by the West African Regiment, the charming new item suggested by the Prince of Wales—the beautiful music produced by the forty buglers from Colchester—and the African Jungle Fight, are also very popular. The visits of the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales sent the ever-welcome Tournament on its career with *éclat*

King's Day at Olympia



THE DEWAN OF NEPAL THE KING THE QUEEN PRINCESS VICTORIA

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE ROYAL PARTY AND THE DEWAN OF NEPAL AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT

A brilliant assembly visited the Naval and Military Tournament on the day when the display was honoured by the King, the Queen, Princess Victoria, and the Dewan of Nepal. His Majesty and the Queen were immensely pleased with the exhibition, and stayed till the end. On Saturday, the Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and were accompanied by Prince Albert, Prince Henry, and Princess Mary

The Lords of St. Michael's Mount

A Soldier St. Levan—

The new Lord St. Levan, formerly known as Colonel J. T. St. Aubyn, brings to the honours of his new position a distinguished record as a soldier. He has been Military Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, served in Egypt in 1884 and in the Soudan in the following year, and was mentioned in despatches on both occasions. He has been A.D.C. to Major-General Earle, to General Brackenbury, and to Sir Redvers Buller, his uncle. He inherits, in St. Michael's Mount, the picturesque and wonderful old castle on the rock, one of the most interesting places in the kingdom.

* * *

—And His Seat

The family burial-ground lies at the foot of the Mount, and here, last week, to the roar of cannon, were interred the ashes of the late and first Lord St. Levan. The service took place in the Castle chapel, and the casket containing the ashes was carried down to the cemetery by the Mount bargemen, in their historic scarlet coats and white petticoats—a dress hitherto reserved for use on occasions of Royal visits to the Mount—a striking note of colour against the black of the mourners. Lord St. Levan kept his horses and carriages on the mainland. At low tide, however, it is possible to approach the castle on foot. Otherwise, save by water, there is no approach to the island. During the summer months Lord and Lady St. Levan, who not long ago celebrated their golden wedding, used to entertain large and cheery parties, and the crew of Lord St. Levan's yacht were always in waiting on the shore to row guests out to the castle. Fishing expeditions far out into the Atlantic were a favourite pastime with the family and friends.

Surprising the Dead: Suffragettes Place Wreaths on the Statue of John Stuart Mill in Temple Gardens

The wreaths were inscribed "Votes for Women." Note sympathetic expression on the face of the philosopher, who was a bit of a Suffragette himself, in a vague, masculine sort of way

* * *

The King and the Gaiety

Not very long ago, when the question of a new Opera House was under discussion, a site by no means exorbitant in price was available in Kingsway, near the Gaiety and Waldorf Hotels. The position was generally approved, but when the matter was submitted, through Lord Knollys, to the King it was at once tabooed. It seems that his Majesty, on his way to the Gaiety Theatre, some time since, was held up in his motor for the best part of half an hour at that dreadful spot where Aldwych, Wellington Street, and the Strand converge. The police on

Photo Elliott and Fry

The New Lord St. Levan

Photo Illustrations Bureau

Mourners Returning by Boat from the Funeral of Lord St. Levan at St. Michael's Mount

The funeral of the late Lord St. Levan, owner of St. Michael's Mount, was picturesquely carried out on the famous island last week. The coffin was deposited in the St. Aubyn vault at the foot of the rock, carried thither from the chapel on the summit by the quaintly clad family bargemen. Mourners had to return to the mainland by boat owing to the rise of the tide. The late Lord is succeeded in the title by the Hon. John Townshend St. Aubyn

State Opera and the King's Pleasure

MME. MELBA

Melba in Melbourne

Here is the Australian Nightingale enjoying the social delights of her native land. The fat gentleman is the Right Hon. G. Reid, ex-Premier of Australia. Mme. Melba has just celebrated her birthday and her twentieth year at Covent Garden, with immense success

civic duties intent, penetrated so far East

* * *

Toujours Covent Garden

For ever and ever, it seems, when we want to attend Grand Opera, we must also frequent, in cabs and carriages and on foot, the none too savoury back streets of Covent Garden. The appearance and position of the Opera House of the greatest city in the world would be no credit to a small manufacturing town in the Midlands; the smallest German township would blush to own it. But in England we cannot nationally support an Opera House, and the choice of a site alone seems to present innumerable difficulties, one of the chief necessities of an Opera House being its accessibility from Buckingham Palace and Mayfair.

* * *

A Bloomsbury Opera House

But for the fact that it is not very accessible from the West, Bloomsbury might boast an Opera House. The Duke of Bedford would welcome it, and a suggested site is in the centre of the long *boulevard* which the Bedford estate contemplate building between Russell Square and Tottenham Court Road. Upon this duty lost their heads, the traffic became hopelessly disorganised, and neither the dark car which held the King nor the red car containing his equerries could worm its way through the entanglement. His Majesty has never since, save when on *boulevard* the Museum extension buildings will abut, and here, too, it is proposed to build yet another vast, middle-class hotel like those which abound in the West Central neighbourhood. This also however, would be outside the Kingly pale, beyond which no operatic venture in England may flourish, and it is doubtful whether the patronage of the floating, and none too wealthy, population of Bloomsbury would prove so lucrative as the more stationary and more moneyed one further West.

* * *

Scotland Yard an Opera House

It is not, perhaps, generally remembered that the building which is now Scotland Yard was originally intended for an Opera House. Many thousands of pounds were expended upon it, and it was not until it had been some years under construction that the discovery was made that its foundations were built upon, not rock, but a tributary of the Thames. By that time, the money in hand had come to an end. Money does not flow in England where musical enterprise is concerned. So the Opera House idea was abandoned, and the place was taken over by the police authorities; and to-day, in the chamber built for Patti's dressing-room, two criminals are snugly ensconced.

* * *

A Royal Retreat

Barton Court, where the Prince and Princess of Wales have lately been spending a quiet week-end, is the only

Good-bye to China: Sir Robert Hart bidding farewell to his friends at the Peking Railway Station

Sir Robert Hart, who has achieved, after half a century's work, the colossal task of transforming China's customs from a system of robbery to a perfect machine, is here shown leaving Peking on his journey home

Photo **A Charming Retreat of King Edward's in the Isle of Wight** [*Sills*

Barton Court, the only part of the Osborne estate reserved for the use of the King, has recently been overhauled, and the grounds laid out most picturesquely. The Prince and Princess of Wales have lately spent a quiet week-end in the beautiful East Cowes retreat

The Squash at the First Court

portion of the Osborne estate reserved for the King's use. His Majesty bought it when, not entirely to the satisfaction of his sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, he bestowed Osborne upon the nation. During the last year or so, under the auspices of Sir Dighton Probyn, an expert in all things horticultural, Barton Court has blossomed out into quite a charming country retreat. Many shrubs and trees have been planted, terraces laid out, and views of the sea disclosed, while the public road that almost touched the house has been diverted in order to render the place quieter and more secluded. During the absence of the Prince of Wales in Canada, the Princess will stay at Barton Court with her children, who will proceed to Deeside when her Royal Highness goes to Germany.

* * *

Overcrowding at Court

For the first time this year the newly decorated, greatly enlarged ballroom at Buckingham Palace was last night used for a function other than a Court. A State ball was given by their Majesties in honour of President Fallières. Over two thousand invitations were issued, an extra hundred or so having been invited owing to the discontinuance of the State concerts. The Lord Chamberlain's Department, by the way, has been having what I believe is colloquially known as a "thin time" just lately. The recent Courts, though the most brilliant of the reign, have been very markedly overcrowded. The lists were so long the King got tired. Somebody has been hearing about it, and the weeding-out process, which forms so large a portion of the Lord Chamberlain's duties, is now to be prosecuted with renewed vigour.

Miss Joan Palmes

Presented by her mother, Mrs. G. St. M. Palmes

* * *

A Beautiful Bride

One of the most beautiful women at the recent Court was the newly married Mrs. Murray, wife of Mr. Charles Murray, a son of Lord Elibank. She returned from her wedding trip in Mexico only a day or so before her presentation, and she wore at Court the famous gold crown and veil in which, though a widow, she was lately married. The King had been told of both the crown and its owner, and wanted to see them, so his equerry had strict instructions to call the Royal attention to the lady when she came into the presence. A sister-in-law of Mrs. Murray's—Mrs. Oswald Partington—makes her début this season as a political hostess. She has sent out cards to meet the Prime Minister, and as she is both young and energetic, she is expected to prove a welcome addition to the Liberal cause.

* * *

The Hart of China

Sir Robert Hart will be glad to see England again after his long sojourn in the Celestial land. He is one of the most remarkable men who have ever known China from the inside. China really became his home. Out of the seventy-three years of his life, he has spent the best part of fifty-four hard at work among the Chinese. He went to China at nineteen, in 1854, and filled many posts in the Consular service, till, in 1859, he began his long and extraordinary career in the

Photos

Miss Sybil Scott

Presented by her mother, Mrs. G. F. Scott

Lafayette

Miss Collins Wood

Presented by her mother, Mrs. Collins Wood

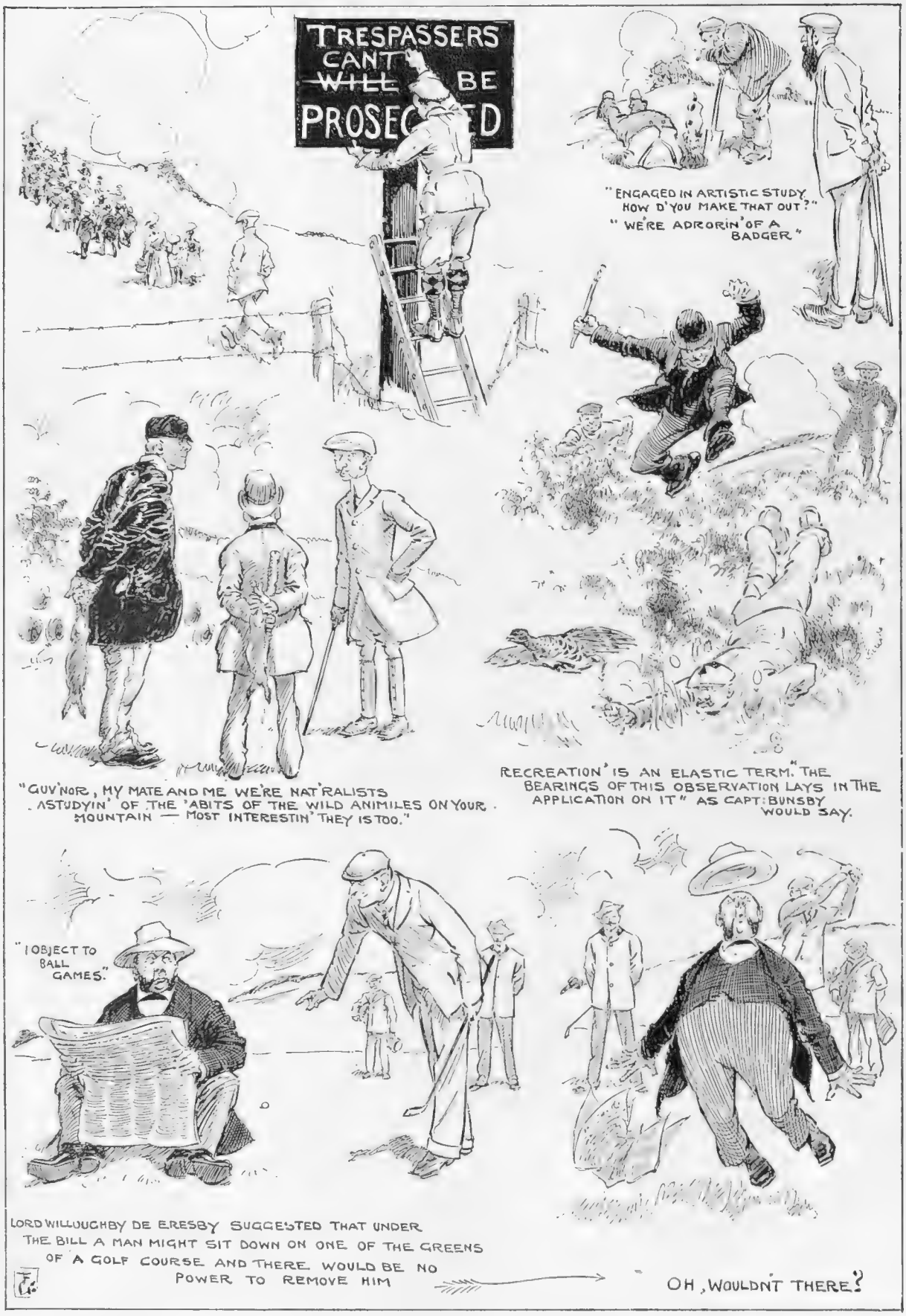
A Beautiful June Bride

Photo *Lafayette*

LADY ELIZABETH GRIMSTON, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. HESKETH PRICHARD ON JUNE 1

Lord Verulam's beautiful daughter, Lady Elizabeth Grimston, who is a niece of the Duchess of Montrose, is to marry Mr. Hesketh Prichard, sportsman, author, and traveller, on June 1, at St. Albans' Abbey. Mr. Prichard's journeys have taken him to Haite and Patagonia, and in fiction he is the creator of the celebrated "Don Q."

That Access to Mountains Bill!



The Access to Mountains Bill, read a second time in the House of Commons last week, lays down that "No owner or occupier of uncultivated mountain or moorland shall be entitled to exclude any person from walking or being on such land for the purposes of recreation or scientific or artistic study, or to molest him in so walking or being"

BY FRANK GILLETT

A Whig (and Some Tories) on the Green

Chinese Customs. He has been Inspector-General of Chinese Customs for forty-five years. The Celestial Customs were once a delightful system in which each official robbed the next. Now they are a model. Still, you never can tell what they will do in the "changeless" East: the more they change, the more they are the same. And Sir Robert Harts are not born every day. However, grateful China has rewarded his labours with the Red Button, the Double Dragon, and the Peacock's Feather—among other things which we don't understand.

The Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone (Home Secretary)
Who beat Mr. A. E. W. Hazel in the 2nd round by 1 up

honours, and perhaps also as a delicate compliment to the marine distinction of Deal, he turned up at the famous Kentish links, not in the tweeds or flannels of the mere land-lubbing golfer, but (see p. 437) in the symbolical and slightly unusual rig-out of reefer and white-duck trousers. On top of all was poised a bowler hat, at which, I must confess, my interpretative imagination fairly boggles.

* * *

Positively the Last Wrangler

The topic of the week at Cambridge among the serious-minded people who read the *Cambridge Review* is an anonymous letter, which has appeared in that magazine, accusing Trinity and St. John's of employing extraordinary means to secure the last Senior Wrangler. St. John's is at present "one Senior Wrangler to the good." Trinity led the way. St. John's retaliated. In despair Trinity "bought a Brahmin boy who can sit for hours looking at his toes and doing mathematics that even Dr. Hobson can only just understand." The satire succeeded. Trinity and St. John's are irritated—and there are hints at proceedings for libel!

Mr. H. W. Forster
Who beat Mr. W. Mitchell-Thomson in the 1st round by 2 and 1

Mr. Balfour
Beaten in the 2nd round by Mr. H. J. Tennant by 3 and 2

The Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton
Who beat Mr. J. F. L. Brunner in the 1st round by 1 up

LEGISLATORS COMPETE FOR GOLFING HONOURS AT DEAL

Admiral Macnamara

Thinking of politicians brings me by a natural and inevitable sequence of thought to Dr. T. J. Macnamara, the sponsor of budding, but frost-nipped, Liberal Statesmanship in Peckham, Manchester, and Shropshire. Does the "J." stand for Jonah, I wonder? Snatching a brief holiday from by-elections and battleships, the new Secretary to the Admiralty has been momentarily relaxing his mind and his muscles in the more trivial round of Parliamentary golf at Deal. But, as a reminder of his new

Photos] **Lord Ridley** *[Sport & General*
Who was beaten by Lord Rathmore in the 1st round by 1 up

The First Crop of Criminal Appeals

"These two cases alone are enough to justify the existence of the new Court," said a barrister of great experience in criminal law as he walked out of Court at the end of the first session of the Court of Criminal Appeal, and many people will consider that the result of the first three weeks' working of the Act (which only came into operation on Easter Monday) justifies the remark. Out of the seven cases before the Court four were applications for leave to appeal, one of which was granted, one was an application for reduction of sentence, which was refused, and two were appeals against convictions, both of which were allowed. If these cases could be taken as fair samples, there would be ground for thinking not only that the Act was necessary, but that the state of the English criminal Courts was highly unsatisfactory.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

Photo MR. JUSTICE CHANNELL MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE *Halftones, Ltd.*

Criminal Appeal Makes its Debut: Judges Consult at the First Sitting of the Newly Constituted Court

The newly constituted Court of Criminal Appeal, which sat for the first time on Friday, has justified its existence immediately by quashing two convictions, granting leave to appeal in one case, and ordering an inquiry in another. One gentleman, who had been convicted eighteen times and appealed against his last sentence of five years' penal servitude on the ground of its severity, was *not* satisfied! The Court consisted of the Lord Chief Justice, and Justices Channell and Lawrence

Two Exceptional Cases

But, as a matter of fact, the circumstances of both the two successful appeals were very unusual. In one case the prosecution had practically broken down, and the jury had disregarded the Judge's directions, and in the other evidence had come to light after the trial, which conclusively proved the prisoner's innocence. As the Lord Chief Justice pointed out, if applications had been made to the Home Secretary under the old procedure one prisoner would never have gone to prison at all, and the other would certainly have been released within forty-eight hours. It is a pity that two such exceptional cases should have turned up at the first sitting of the Court, for I cannot help fearing that they will produce a large crop of frivolous appeals.

An Expensive Reform

In the meantime it is clear that the labour and expense caused by the new Act will be far greater than was anticipated. Every convicted prisoner has a right to apply to the Court for leave to appeal, and every such application involves a report from the Judge, the transcribing of the shorthand note of the evidence at the trial, and a quantity of correspondence between the Registrar of the Court of Criminal Appeal on the one hand and Clerks of Assize and Governors of Gaols on the other. However, I suppose that no one will grudge the expense of a reform which provides free justice, a gratis entertainment to prisoners, and a further supply of comfortable billets for briefless but deserving barristers.

The Cornering of Thaddeus

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

THE SCENE FOLLOWING THADDEUS MORTIMORE'S VICARIOUS CONFESSION OF BEING GUILTY OF HIS WIFE'S OFFENCE

"I Did It!"

Miss Mabel Hackney confesses that it was really *she* who destroyed the will

One of the chief characteristics of the unpleasant Mortimore family, around whom "The Thunderbolt," Mr. Pinero's new play, is written, is their *penchant* for family conclaves. Such a gathering, of course, takes place after Thaddeus's "confession" that it was he who destroyed the will. The explanation, however, does not satisfy his relations, who dispute his tale, much to his embarrassment, until he breaks down. Mr. George Alexander makes as much capital out of his part as it will allow him, but the play is certainly not one of Mr. Pinero's masterpieces

The PLAYHOUSES

Photo] Mr. Dan Rolyat in the Sea Serpent Chorus in the Revival of "The Dairymaids" at the Queen's [*Foulsham and Banfield*

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL NATIONAL THEATRE DEMONSTRATION

This is rather a mouthful for a heading, but no sonority of phrase could do justice to the pomp and circumstance which distinguished the speakers at the Lyceum Theatre on a recent sultry afternoon. Moreover, the full title is necessary in order that the agitation be not confused with that concerned with erecting a stone monument to Shakespeare in Portland Place. It was a most solemn occasion, and but for the appearance of Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P., at a late hour, we should all have filed into Wellington Street with very sad and pre-occupied faces indeed. But, as I say, Mr. Steadman saved the situation. The great little Labour leader gave what is best described as a "heart to heart" talk to his audience. After being compelled by former speakers to soar to the high places of their eloquence, it was a distinct relief to be bumped down to earth by the familiarly phrased and utterly common-sense remarks of Mr. Steadman.

He drew a picture of the working-classes and their appetite for amusement, which was much relished by his audience. "They love music," he declared, "and they are never so happy as when they are at a 'free and easy.'" The use of this jovial slang endeared the speaker to his audience. And still more delighted were they when Mr. Steadman, turning to the noble chairman, the Earl of Lytton, said, without a trace of affectation, "I want to see men of my class lead good lives, and be given the opportunity which a national theatre would give them of leading good lives." Yes, Mr. Steadman, with his admirable admixture of humour and sentiment, sent everyone away smiling.

I imagine the promoters of the demonstration had kept Mr. G. B. Shaw as a *bonne bouche* for the end. He was to second Mr. Steadman, and a neighbour of mine whispered "Anti-climax." But Mr. Shaw was quite equal to the occasion. He had sat with exemplary patience throughout the succession of speeches, every one of which erred on the side of length. He recognised that his *confrères* in the field of labour had dissipated the mental mists which eloquence creates upon the minds of a present-day audience. So Mr. Shaw rose and spoke as follows:

I quote it in full:—

(Pulling out his watch and pronouncing "minutes" as spelt): —My Lord, ladies and gentlemen,—It is now twelve minutes past five. The subject is not exhausted. We are. I beg to second the motion proposed by my friend, Mr. Steadman.

And Mr. Shaw was not to be drawn into further speech.

The burden of the other speeches was that a National Theatre would be a more fitting memorial to Shakespeare than a stone monument—a point upon which there seems to be little real dissension.

The speakers were, for the most part, visionaries, who let their quick and poetic imaginations play fancifully round a great theme. An exception must be made of Mr. Pinero, who was the most practical of the lot. He put in a plea for the actor-manager, the "one man in command," as director of the proposed National Theatre. Mr. Pinero also touched upon finance. "No one," he said, "would recommend the policy of Irving, if policy it can be called, as the policy of a National Theatre. He was the most reckless manager who ever wrote cheques in the office of a theatre." A statement not lightly to be contradicted. E. C. S.

Miss Audrey Forde Mr. Beerbohm Tree M. Jacques Fenoux Miss Gertrude Kingston

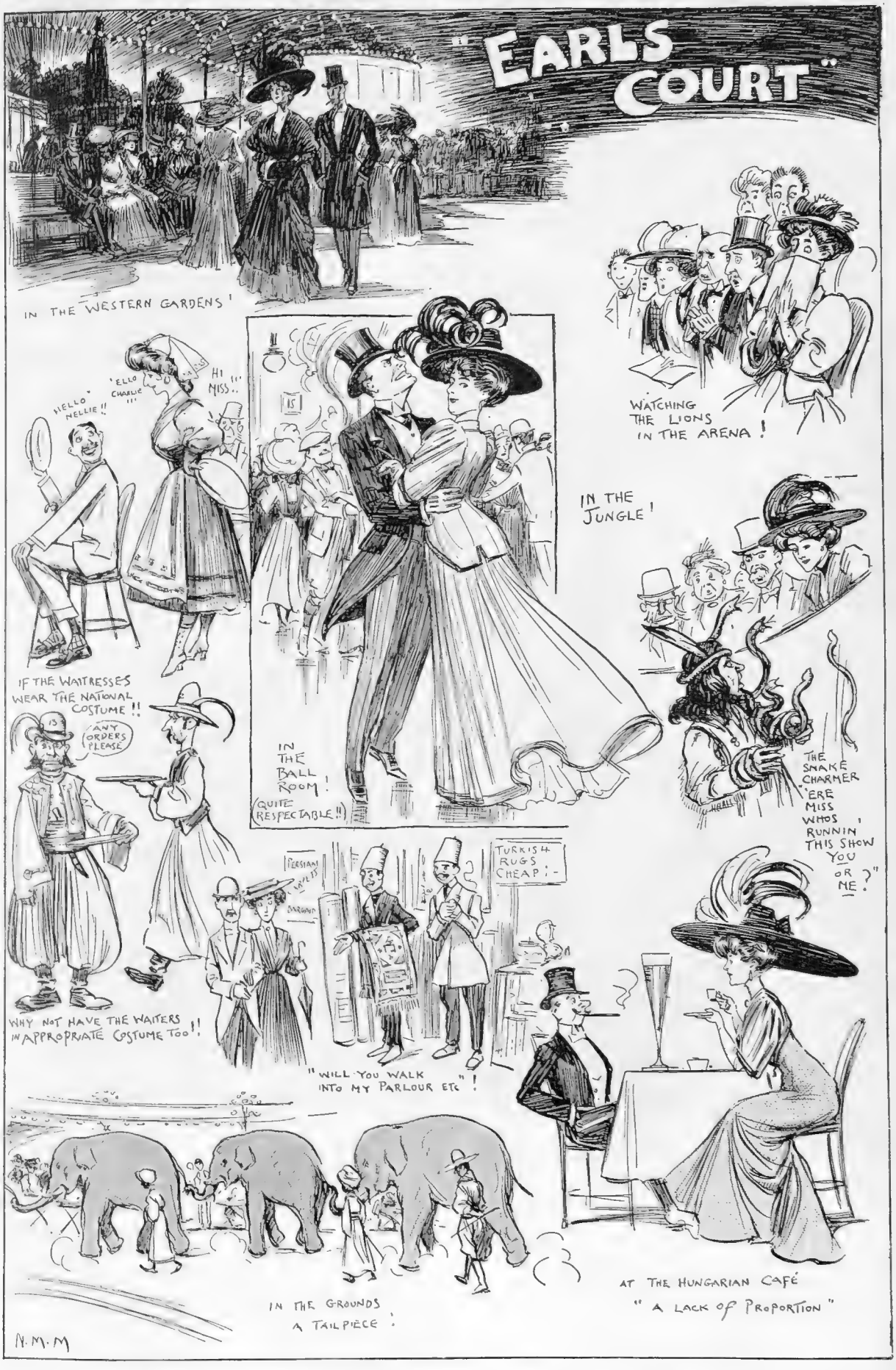
Mr. Graham Browne Mme. Bartet Miss Andrews M. Baillett Miss Marion Terry Mr. Dagnall

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Mme. Bartet "At Home" to her London Friends on the Stage at the Shaftesbury Theatre

Many well-known people in the social, diplomatic, and theatrical worlds attended a reception on the stage to meet Mme. Bartet, the celebrated French actress, the night before she opened her season at the Shaftesbury Theatre, which has been such a tremendous success. The King honoured her with his presence at the first performance on Monday week

An Exhibition that is Really Ready!



SKETCHED AT THE HUNGARIAN EXHIBITION BY NORMAN MORROW

The New Isolde at the Opera

To realise the magical magnetism of Wagner, one has only to go to Covent Garden and hear one of the festival performances conducted by Dr. Hans Richter. When in that vast house the darkness has secured silence, the spell begins to work. It is curious to speculate as to how much of their inspiration the singers draw from him. At the recent magnificent performances of *Tristan and Isolde*, Miss Edyth Walker scored a triumph as Isolde, yet there was nothing in her first few phrases and actions to lead one to expect such an achievement. The sure touch of the great artist seemed to come to her as the opera progressed.

It was in showing the gentle, but unquenchable, power of woman's love that Miss Walker was singularly successful. No doubt it would be possible to point to weaknesses in the acting. When, after drinking the love potion, the lovers stand a full minute gazing at one another, she swayed slightly towards him, and completely mesmerised the audience. Had she invested her succeeding movements with similar restraint she would have reached a rare level. But instead we had the conventional movements of the arms common to most singers of opera, which immediately shattered the illusion so strong a moment before. But the exquisite beauty of the love-duet, which forms the larger part of the second act, was so realised by Miss Walker and Herr Knote that we hung upon every phrase, always with the sense of impending doom which must crash down upon so much rapture. In the last act Herr Knote acted, perhaps, at his best, though the beauty of his singing in the second could not be surpassed. His alternate fits of exhaustion and feverish longing, while lying wounded and waiting for Isolde's arrival, were played to the very life. Madame Kirkby Lunn sang better than we remember to have heard her as Brangäne, and, indeed, all the other singers seemed caught up by the inspiration of the main performers. H. F.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

An Ideal Isolde: Miss Edyth Walker

Last season saw the discovery—for English opera-goers at least—of Mme. Tetrazzini, and now, this season, we are made aware of the presence in our midst of a soprano of unusual power in Miss Edyth Walker, whose Isolde the other night met with such high praise. She is an American, and it is curious to note that eight years ago she sang at Covent Garden in a minor part as a contralto

The One-Act Series at the Kingsway

Tiny Dramas for the Tired, now being produced at a series of matinées, have but one disadvantage. There is not sufficient contrast between the plays presented. True, the first three are Degrees of Depression, but the fourth, *The Whirligig*, which should revive our spirits, fails to do so. Even with Miss Marion Terry as the mother, whose doted-upon son has married his parent's schoolfellow (Miss Muriel Wylford), the piece does not quite convince or grip. To begin at the beginning, however. *Charlotte on Bigamy* is a not altogether pleasant North Country sketch, which gives Miss Gertrude Scott as Charlotte, the opportunity of a fine character-study of a domineering, strong-willed girl, who is willing to risk even bigamy for her lover, a Scotch engine-driver (Mr. C. M. Hallard).

But the *pièce de résistance* of the afternoon's performance was *A Nocturne*, by Anthony P. Wharton, whose *Irene Wycherley* was the first of Miss Ashwell's successes at the Kingsway. As a piece of character-study, both from the writer's point of view and from the acting of its chief figure, it is one of the most sincere pieces of work I have ever witnessed. It is an exquisite study of a little school-ma'am's hunger for love, and the loneliness of a plain woman. Plain and soured Martha Blackburne (Miss Haidée Wright) dozes while correcting her pupils' exercises. A "man in grey tweed," her ideal, whom she had but seen for a few moments many years before, softly enters the room, bends over her, and tells her he has come to take her away that very night. Her dream has come true, but its reality is itself but a fantasy. Then there comes the inevitable and bitter awakening to life, with its hardness, the impossibility of her ever enjoying wedded bliss, "because she is ugly, and, therefore, only looked upon as useful." This playlet will meet with success, but I never wish to see anyone but Miss Wright as Martha. Few, if any, other actress of equal intrinsic merit could play Martha as she does. Miss Barton, as her shallow but pretty fellow-lodger, soon to be married, makes a joyous and natural bride-elect.

The depression of this clever "Nocturne" is nothing to the morbidness of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *The Latch*. A husband has just confessed to wife No. 2, that he poisoned wife No. 1 so that he could marry her. His secret has just been discovered, and Justice is on his track. After a most painful scene with his wife, footsteps are heard outside, the murderer escapes by another door, and the difficulty is solved by a pistol-shot. To be quite convincing, *The Latch* should be played with slow music, and the composition of a Poison Motif is a chance not to be missed by some aspiring musician. Mr. Norman McKinnel is not a realistic murderer. He will, I am sure, pardon me if I say he lacks the criminal cast of feature. Miss Constance Collier, as his wife, serves to accentuate the morbidness of the scene; such, apparently, being Mrs. Clifford's motive, she is eminently successful.

The theme which underlies each of the plays is the tragedy of a woman's fight for her place in the order of things, and each playlet gives food for thought. Miss Ashwell deserves congratulation for this new departure, though I will not say that perhaps there might not be an improved choice of plays to make a better blend or a better contrast. H. P.

Random Jottings

It seems a pity that the King's and M. Fallières's visit should have necessitated so many changes at the Franco-British Exhibition. In some ways the collection of packing-cases was almost unique.

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Some doubts still seem to be felt as to which of the sports held at Shepherd's Bush (or the White City) are to be considered Olympic and which are not. We understand that races in *chaises roulantes* come under the non-official category.

* * *

By the way, it is not true that the White City is to be re-named the Piebald City in July, the Grey City in August, and the Black City in September.

* * *

Russia to Finland

(The Russian Premier has denied that Russia intends to destroy Finland's autonomy. Bills for some such purpose are, however, to be introduced.)

No doubt our little laws will cause a stir
In Finnish minds, but rumours are unfounded
That say your freedom's going—should this occur,
We really promise to be quite astounded.

* * *

During the progress of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, at which Mr. Taft is to be chosen as candidate for the Presidency, there is to be the most stringent prohibition of all liquor-selling. This seems an excellent and ascetic plan, but it is to be hoped Mr. Taft has no thought, if elected, of introducing a Licensing Bill. The reaction will be too tremendous.

* * *

In the new winter garden at the Savoy, roses climb trellis-work, "the plants," says the *Daily Mail*, "actually growing from earth at the base of the pillars." We cannot share our contemporary's amazement at the fact that the roses grow from earth. Roses so often do. And if there is a pillar handy, the base is the safest place for the earth to be set at. It might fall off the top.

High-Flown

(American journalists, who concealed themselves in trees to watch, have given the most wonderful accounts of the Wright Brothers' aeroplane.)

Brilliant reporters, well concealed in trees,
Maintain they saw, against a ten-knot breeze,
The Brothers Wright perform with magic ease.

They'd fly, 'tis said, about a mile a minute,
Steer with more grace and surety than a linnet,
And stop their course as easy as begin it.

It may be so—yet when a man, untried
In climbing, up a lofty tree has hied—
Copy he needs and will not be denied.

Besides, on evidence that seems but slight,
Undoubtedly it is our Brothers' right—
Out West—to take a journalistic flight.

* * *

It appears that the police have made the ludicrous mistake of supposing that motorists would welcome an extension of the road-stretches between which police-traps are set. Surely the dullest constable must be aware that what motorists desire is an extension of road-stretches between which police-traps are *not* set?

* *

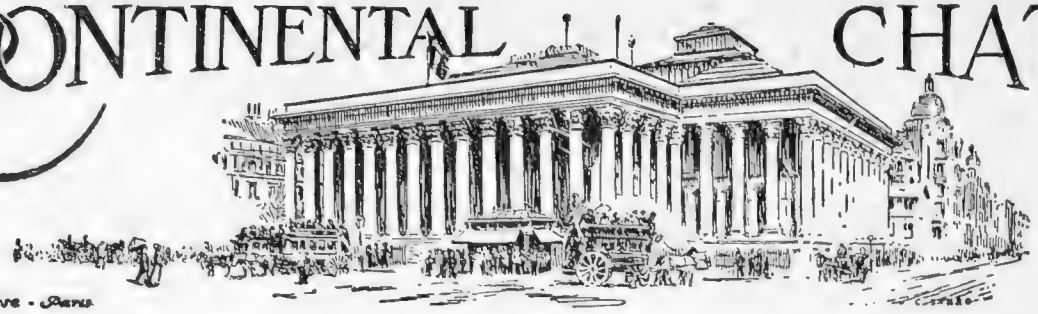
A suitable song for singing before the French President is the one with the chorus, "For he's a jolly good Fallières."

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

QUITE NAVAL NOW? WELL, NEARLY!

Dr. Macnamara's *quasi*-nautical garb at the Parliamentary Golf Tournament excited universal admiration. If the blue reefer and white-duck trousers suggested the Navy to a nicety (he is now, of course, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty), the bowler hat reminded all and sundry that he is still a civilian, and was, no doubt, intended to conciliate the Peace Liberals. He is above seen in the first round drawing a lie

CONTINENTAL CHAT



M. FALLIÈRES CHEZ LUI

From what I can gather from most reliable sources, Armand Fallières, as President of the French Republic, is the right man in the right place. Taking into consideration the high nervous tension that reigns in France to-day, a Casimir Perier, a Felix Faure, indeed a man with any striking personality, would be regarded with distrust, and consequently considered dangerous. President Fallières belongs to that category of men who have honours thrust upon them. Fortune has, indeed, favoured him unusually He took over the reins of government when affairs were practically calm compared with the storms which M. Loubet had to weather. I doubt if M. Fallières would have had the necessary tact to conquer hatred and unpopularity with as much skill as his predecessor. The President's chief function nowadays seems to be opening art exhibitions. Although he performs his social duties with a good grace, the President makes no secret of his dislike for pomp and ceremony. Right through his career he has taken honours as a matter of course. He declares he was far more delighted at being made President of the Municipal Council of his native village than President of the French Republic.

Photo *L. N. A.*

"The German Chamberlain"

Herr Dernburg — German Colonial Secretary — who, after a visit to London, has gone to German West Africa to apply English Colonial methods to the needs of the territory

* * *

An Inherited Appetite

Born some sixty-four years ago in the village of Mézin, M. Fallières has all the sturdy peasant qualities which made the Gascons celebrated in history. As a youth he had splendid ability, but little power of application. No one, least of all his parents, ever anticipated his becoming a great personage. His father was a jolly, good-humoured, country bumpkin, whose greatest delight in life was eating. To amuse his friends one day he devoured two huge cabbages with no other seasoning than a pinch of salt. It is not surprising that he died of apoplexy. M. Fallières has inherited many of his father's characteristics. His honesty, his sincerity, his peasant appearance, and, to some extent, his good appetite. At the Elysée he keeps a very liberal table. There are truffles and fattened poultry, grapes and other fruits in abundance, and, above all, "the President's joy," his own wine from Loupillon.

* * *

Marries a Village Belle

President Fallières is dearly beloved by the working-classes in France. They are delighted to hear him repeat that his grandfather was a village blacksmith, and that he glories in his humble origin. Royalists make fun of him; the *bourgeoisie* puts up with him; everyone likes him. It was after his marriage, forty years ago, that M. Fallières settled down to hard work. He married a village beauty—"*la belle* Jeanne Besson," as she was known at Mézin—quite against her parents' wishes. They were not at all struck with young Fallières's advanced views. Although his family were Royalists, he, himself (and for this reason, for a long time, he and his family separated), was a staunch Republican, and he was so from the period when to have such political ideas was dangerous.

Photo *Hamilton*

Unrecognised! Muley Hafid's Envoys, after M. Clemenceau's Refusal to See Them, Seek Consolation in a Cafe

The determination of Germany to accord a semi-official reception to the envoys of Muley Hafid, the usurping Sultan of Morocco, is interpreted in France as a distinctly unfriendly act. Of course, M. Clemenceau, the French Foreign Minister, refused to see them, and the "unrecognised" emissaries of an "unrecognised" personage found what consolation they could in the joys of a café

* * *

A Devoted Wife

Every morning after breakfast the President takes a sharp two hours' walk. He considers it the only cure for the disagreeable corpulency with which he is threatened. When he returns to work, usually in a fever-heat, he finds his wife, who always sees him off, and who is in a terror every time he leaves the palace, anxiously awaiting his return. She insists on his changing his clothes, for he is subject to very bad colds, and has shocked the *valetaille* of the Elysée by attending to the President's wants herself. Mme. Fallières's dislike for ostentation shows itself in

The Kaiser Catches Pageantitis

Photo *Topical Agency*

THE KAISER AND PARTY LEAVING THE RESTORED CASTLE OF HOHKÖNIGSBERG, ALSACE

The Kaiser has condescended to catch from us an attack of pageantitis, and it broke out in Alsace-Lorraine the other day, when his Imperial Majesty inaugurated, with mediæval pomp and circumstance, the restored Hohkönigsberg, near Schlettstadt, in Lower Alsace. The castle, which was ruined by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War, has stood for centuries on the Vosges, and, in 1533, was transferred, with much ceremony, to "private ownership" by Maximilian, by way of paying off a debt. It is said that the restoration has cost a hundred times as much as the original building! But, by his halidom, the Kaiser must needs have his castle, and he has got it, cost what it would, and a murrain on all who interfere with Wilhelm's might in Alsace! In token of which "my Imperial Escutcheon shall be emblazoned over the main gate," as his Imperial Majesty announced. So, with knights and squires, heralds and trumpeters, men-at-arms, pikes and palfreys, the Kaiser took possession, unveiled the Imperial Escutcheon, and was happy

Musical "In Memoriams": A Contrast

many ways. She always wears dark dresses and small hats, most of which are made at home, and she never has, and never will wear, jewels. Her determination to do her own housekeeping is much criticised. She says that if etiquette allowed it, she would do her own marketing.

* * *

Loupillon

M. Fallières never feels so happy as when among his vines at Loupillon. He has been able to return to his country house much oftener than he at first expected, and no holiday rests him more. Every time he goes to Mézin he stops to see his friends, as he calls them—wood-cutters, wine-growers, shop-keepers, and the faithful old barber to whose lot falls the honour of cutting the Presidential hair. At Loupillon, the family keep open house. A Frenchman who went there to call on the President relates how astonished he was when the cab-driver told him "to walk in; everybody did so." This gentleman tells me "he had time to photograph the interior of the house before anyone arrived."

* * *

Peasant-President

The President's family circle consists of a son and a daughter and two nephews. He has many friends at the Elysée, but entertains with as little ceremony as possible. He gives just the requisite number of official receptions, and not one more. Mlle. Fallières, unlike her father, is a very devout Catholic. I often meet her on Sundays going to mass, and at one time, it was said, she wished to take the veil. She attends all public functions with her father and mother, smiles to hide her boredom, and is all the while longing to get back to her beloved books. She has a passion for reading; indeed, she devours the driest literature. France might certainly have found a President who is more decorative, a President who would have entertained more often and more lavishly. But there is much to be said in favour of President Fallières. Socially, he does his best. It is difficult for a Gascon peasant to remain other than a Gascon peasant till the end of his days. Yet in French politics to-day no more honest or kinder-hearted man exists.

Photo *E. N. A.*

Simplicity: The Grotto-Tomb of Edward Grieg

The pomp of the grave is conspicuously absent from the tomb of the great Norwegian composer, Edward Grieg, whose ashes, contained in a marble urn, are enclosed in a grotto hewn out of the living rock at Trold Hangen, near Bergen, Norway. The grotto is sealed with a simple slab of rock, on which the musician's name is roughly inscribed

Photo *L.E.A.*

Grandeur: Vienna's Monument to Brahms

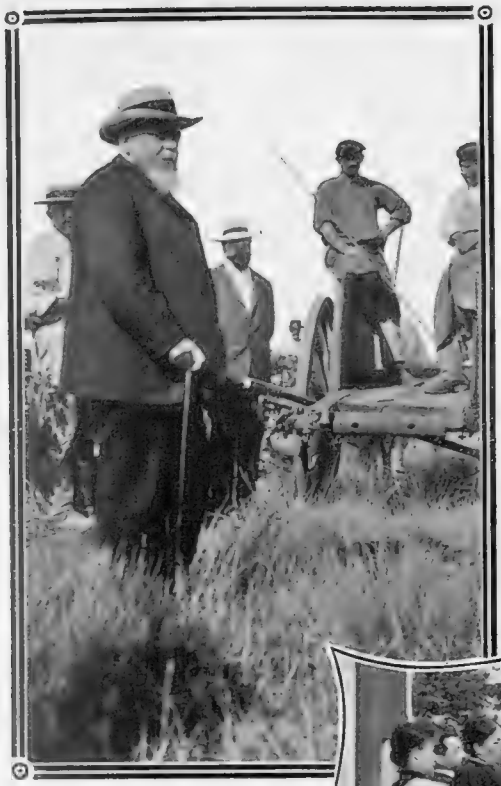
The imposing monument to Brahms in the Karlsplatz at Vienna is a striking contrast to the rough-hewn rock-tomb of Grieg. The figure of Brahms is of white marble, like the figure below, which symbolises Music. The monument, which is the work of Professor Meyer, was recently unveiled amid demonstrations of homage to the great musician

* * *

Herr Dernburg

The visit paid last week by Herr Dernburg, the German Colonial Secretary, to the Foreign Office was quite unofficial. Herr Dernburg is on his way to South Africa. He was selected by the Emperor as a business man who would take business views of German Colonial expansion, and not use it as a mere instrument of Pan-Germanism and irritant to the English. He has turned out a very capable administrator, and he is now imbibing English methods, with a view to seeing how far they can be employed in German West Africa. He was, though a well-to-do man, a sort of rough diamond, and, not being used to Court ceremony, he at first made little mistakes of etiquette which highly amused the Emperor. For instance, on the first occasion that he dined at the Schloss, he tucked his serviette into his shirt-collar. The Emperor called out, "Hallo! Dernburg—going to be shaved?" The poor Minister pulled down his serviette, and with it his tie, amid roars of "Courtly" laughter. He has since learnt many things. Among others, that the Emperor's jokes and occasional derision are some of the things a Minister of State has to put up with. He has become a favourite with his colleagues, and enjoys a large share of his Imperial Master's confidence. And he amply deserves it. He is one of the most conscientious and most industrious members of the German Cabinet. He is modest and unassuming, and though bombarded into an office which the German layman hardly ever attains, he has remained perfectly simple in his manners.

The French President's Gascon Home



Photos

M. Fallières in his Vineyard

Bouet

A Little Flower Party and a Family Conclave at Loupillon

Photo *L. E. A.*

Photo *Topical Agency*

M. Fallières and Family at Home at his Château du Loupillon

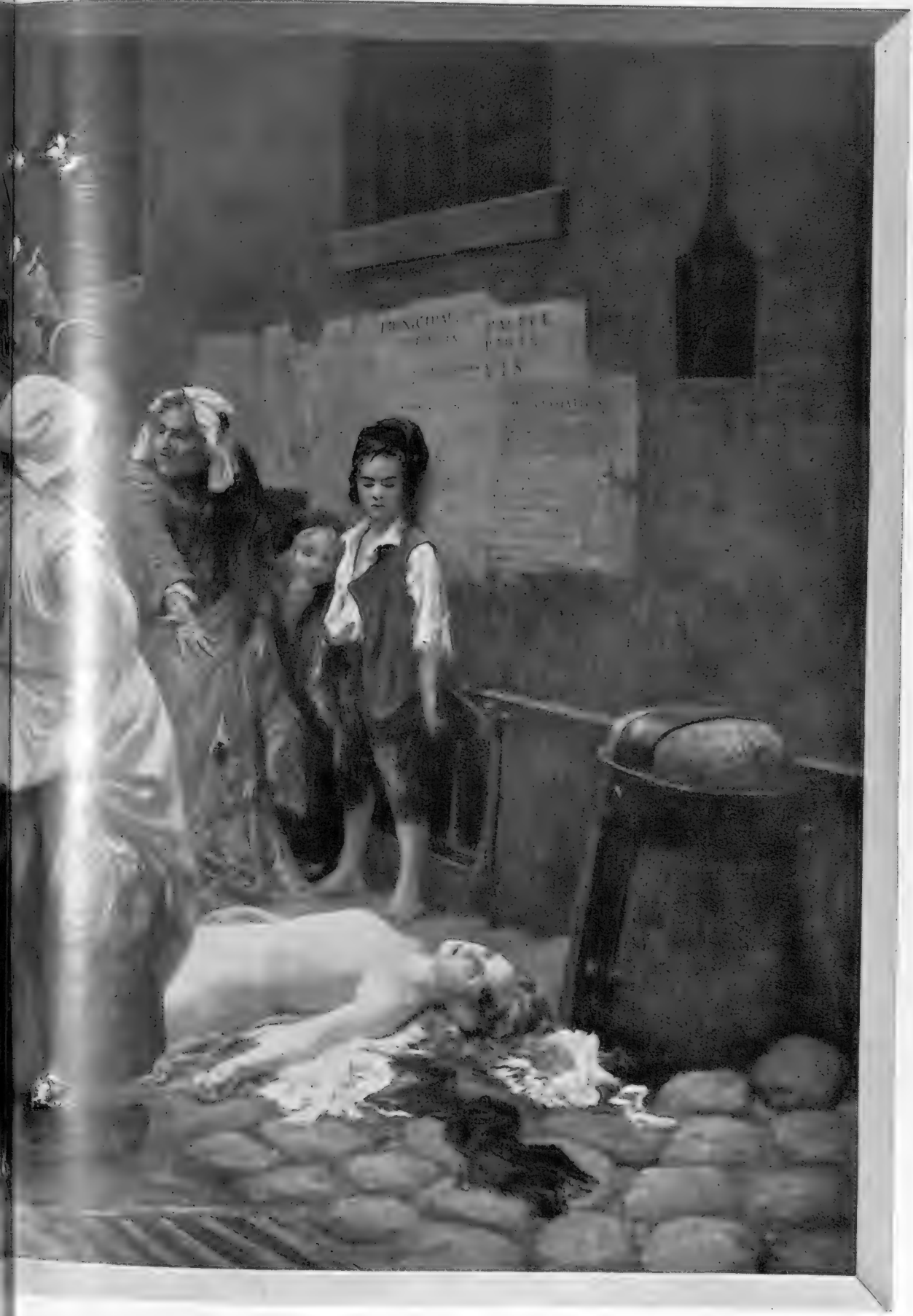
The homely figure of M. Fallières smacks nothing of Courts and ceremonies, and in truth it significantly symbolises the man, for he is at heart a man of the country, and is never so happy as when cultivating the domestic joys of his Château du Loupillon, near his native town of Mézin, in the department of Lot et Garonne. He was at least as happy as Mayor of Mézin as he is as President of the Republic. He cultivates 100 acres of vineyards, and drinks his own wine. His wife and daughter are charming hostesses in the simple entertainments at Loupillon, where they delight in the profusion of flowers

A PAINTED TRAGEDY: "LA MOR

That poignant chapter of the Revolutio 1, the murder of the beautiful and charming favourite of Queen Marie Antoinette, the Princesse de Lamba has this year inspired the brush of Maxime Faivre, the popular Parisian painter, and his picture of the scene outside the court-house, immediat after the beautiful woman's death, on September 3rd, 1792, is one of the attractions of the "old" Salon. Madame de Lamballe, famous less for her exquisitely pale skin and her beautiful blonde curling hair than for her devotion to Marie Antoinette, was the intimate friend companion of that ill-fated Queen. She proved her devotion to her Royal mistress by returning to France (whence she escaped to England) after unsuccessful flight from Versailles; she shared the Queen's imprisonment i the Temple; and—the prelude to her awful death—refused to take oath expressing detestation of the King, Queen, and Monarchy. As she stepped out of the court-house on that day, she was cut to the ground, stru

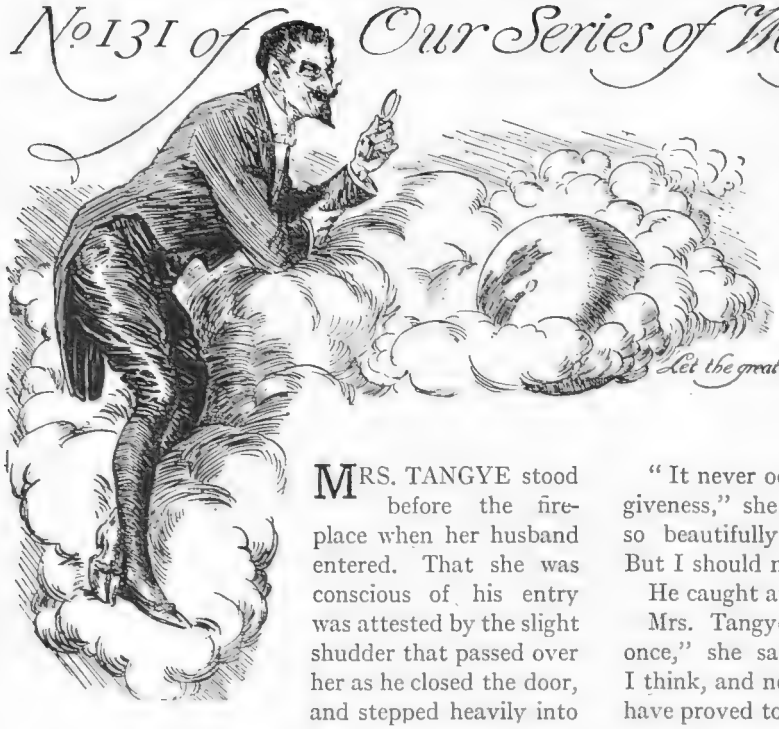
RT DE MADAME LAMBALLE"

BY MAXIME FAIVRE, AT THE PARIS SALON.



of all her clothing by the infuriate and brutal mob, and, in Michelet's phrase, "*nue comme Dieu l'avait faite*," was cast down with her head near a milestone. This is the moment seized by M. Faivre for his dramatic composition. He shows her blood-stained clothing, her still-open eyes, the wound on the fair forehead made by a revolutionary when he struck off her bonnet with the point of his sabre. He shows us the crowd of revolutionaries regarding the prone figure with curiosity rather than pity; near by women are removing a corpse; and, farther off, there is the glint of sabres and pikes. The next scene was the parading of the unhappy Princess's head and heart, stuck on pikes, in front of the Queen's windows. Artistically, the picture may not be great; but it smells of the blood of the Revolution, and fills us with horror that such things should ever be.

No. 131 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



OF THE SECOND PART

By JOHN HASLETTE

(Author of "Paraguayan Tales," "The Warning," etc., etc.)

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

MRS. TANGYE stood before the fireplace when her husband entered. That she was conscious of his entry was attested by the slight shudder that passed over her as he closed the door, and stepped heavily into the room; yet she gave no sign either by word or look which could have assured him of even the most doubtful welcome.

He stopped suddenly, and strove to assume a conciliatory expression; moved forward again, and came to her side.

"Dorothy."

She turned to face him, smiling faintly. "So you have come back?"

He nodded, and moved his feet uneasily. Now that he had returned he found it hard to explain the nature of his errand. He had expected a scene, and the very fact that his wife received him composedly disturbed him and made him feel vaguely indignant.

Mrs. Tangye's smile deepened. "Oh, do sit down," she said; "you look ridiculous standing there, for all the world as if you had made a raid upon the jam cupboard and were awaiting punishment."

"Ridiculous!" The word brought an angry flush to his cheek. He had never believed that he could look ridiculous. Both the word and the look which accompanied it touched him to the quick. Nevertheless he stepped back and seated himself on a settee at a little distance from where she stood. He had come feeling consciously heroic, full of mild self-praise at his own conciliatory intentions, but now he began to feel that his motives were rather shabby, and also that he was cutting a sorry figure.

Mrs. Tangye looked at him, and shrugged. "You have left Miss—Pallant?" she asked gently.

"For the moment," he returned, regaining his confidence now the subject had been broached. "Fact is, I want to speak to you about her."

Mrs. Tangye was, if anything, more calm than before. "I suppose you have come to tell me that you have wearied of her and intend to return home. A charming proposition."

He felt again the heroic inspiration. "Is that like me?" he protested. "Do you think I would be cur enough to ask you to forgive me after what has happened?"

"It never occurred to me that you would want forgiveness," she observed calmly. "You were always so beautifully self-sufficient—so naïvely egotistical. But I should not have forgiven you in any case."

He caught at that. "You hate me?" he struck in.

Mrs. Tangye laughed outright. "Be modest for once," she said. "Hate is rather a noble feeling, I think, and needs a noble object. My dear man, you have proved to me that you are too stupid to be hated. I loved you—once. That sounds intensely humorous now, but it is true. At that time I could have hated you, too, but now—well, you amuse me."

He reddened with rage. The whole thing was inconceivable, in bad taste, he thought. If he had injured her, the least thing she could do was to show it. Marriage was thought of as a sacred thing, he told himself; it was downright indecent for his wife to adopt the attitude she did. He would have liked to see her thoroughly angry, prepared to pour her wrath upon his head from full vials.

"I know I have done wrong," he said, when he could speak; "but I don't regret it. If you have suffered, so have I."

Again that mirthful laugh from his wife. "In that case your grief has not been excessive."

He scowled at her, losing his self-command for the moment. "I have suffered. And you have been crying," he said, roughly. "Yes—crying!"

The full gaze of her bright eyes was turned upon him. Not a trace of tears dimmed them. The scorn that lingered there struck him like the lash of a whip. He could not believe as yet that they stood now in an altered relation; he the suppliant, she the judge to mete out punishment. He cast about in his mind for some word that might sting, some phrase with which to rouse her anger. Her attitude of indifference gave him a curious sense of impotence.

"Of course, you're jealous," he said, and flung out his hands. "I can understand that. I don't even blame you."

"Blame!" she interposed. "Oh, that is a relief. I am immensely indebted to you for your magnanimity. To learn that you do not blame me is to touch the height of happiness. But I am not jealous—not a bit. You will hardly believe that, I know, but it is the truth. You can have your Miss—Pallant. I wouldn't disturb the course of true love for worlds. No, don't explain. I can save you much laboured phrase-making. You are going to tell me that you made a mistake in marrying me. You were infatuated, caught by a momentary passion. And now you have discovered your true

(Continued on page 446)

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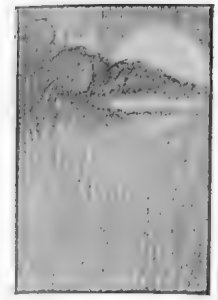
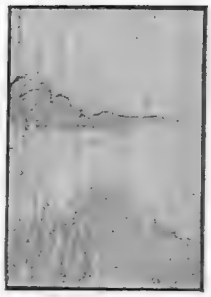
Ready for the Bal Masqué





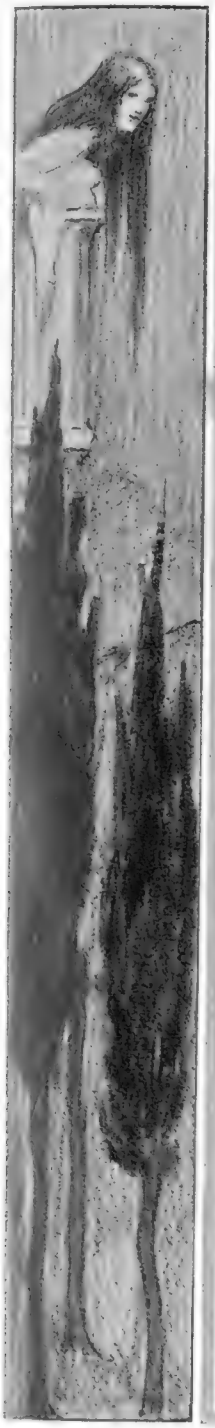


Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. MATHESON LANG, AS ROMEO, READY FOR THE BALL IN "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE LYCEUM

That Shakespeare pays, and that he can be played in such a way as to appeal equally to his devotees and to the million, has been proved by the success of Messrs. Smith and Carpenter's production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum. Not the least important factor in this success, however, has been the playing of the title-rôles by Miss Nora Kerin and Mr. Matheson Lang. The latter's Romeo would be hard to beat, and we await more opportunities of witnessing him in Shakespearean parts

(*Continued from page 444*)

mate ; you have met the only woman who understands you—and that is a blessed thing, isn't it ?. Well, what do you want of me ? To give you both my congratulations ? "—she swept him a curtsy—" I do congratulate you most sincerely. Or would you have me call on the lady ? That is, of course, impossible. For goodness sake drop your theatrical poses, and give your most puissant commands."

He sprang up, and confronted her, gasping. " Don't you understand ? I have wronged you, and come to make the only reparation."

" I am not conscious of having been wronged," she said, all wide-eyed surprise. " And I should very much like to know in what way you propose to make reparation."

" I know of only one way, Dorothy, and that is to put you in possession of evidence which will enable you to obtain a divorce."

Mrs. Tangye gave him an admiring smile. " You are really so subtle, so amusing, too," she said sweetly. " Your masculine logic is quite beyond my poor feminine brain. I suppose I dare hardly ask you to explain in what way I am the gainer by that course."

" You will be free to marry again," he said eagerly. " I'm not such a fool as to imagine that you will always keep me in your mind."

" Not for a moment."

" That, of course, would not be natural."

" It would be ridiculous."

He scowled at her then, and his voice was choked with anger as he continued. " As it is, you cannot marry."

" Marry ! Good Heavens, have I found marriage such a beautiful thing ? Have I found a husband who has imbued me with the desire to captivate yet another of his sex ? I would sooner be dead."

" Even granting that," he said, curbing himself with difficulty, " there is another side to the question. While we remain man and wife, even in name, I cannot marry."

Mrs. Tangye clapped her hands gently. " Oh, I see —how clever you are—you are going to make reparation by marrying the lady of your maturer choice. How generous ! How delightfully noble of you ! You are either a humorist or a philosopher. Your scheme is so simple and yet so effective. To make up to me for the wrong, you are going to make another woman happy. A thousand thanks."

He did not know what to make of her. He had never been able to bear the slightest sarcasm, nor to reply to it. He took a turn down the long room. Coming again to her side, he laid a trembling hand on her arm.

" Perhaps I was wrong to state my own claims first," he stammered. " That was my clumsiness."

" No, your temperament," she corrected, and moved a little back from him. " I congratulate you on being natural for once."

" There is Miss Pallant," he interrupted. " She is in a compromising position. How bitter that is to me—I love her—you will understand. She has given up all for me."

" And you all for her. What a pair of altruists ! So the lady is to be pleasantly whitewashed for my sake ? As a further reparation to me, she is to recover her reputation. My cup is almost running over. You will spoil me between you."

Her husband took a step forward, and caught roughly at her arm. " That's enough ! " he growled ; " I won't stand it. Have you no sense of decency ? Do you think, from any point of view, from the moral standpoint if you like, it is right to leave any woman in such a position ? "

The stern grasp of his fingers hurt, but his wife did not wince. " If I have to right this wronged woman, it is to be inferred that I wronged her," she said steadily. " I gather that in some way, possibly by my very existence, I put her in a compromising position. Have I ? "

The mingled indifference and innocence of her expression sobered him. He dropped her arm, and spoke between his clenched teeth.

" Don't be a fool. I never thought of such a thing. It would be too utterly mad. Of course, you never wronged her ; the blame was mine—and hers. Since we loved, we could not do otherwise ; but I do not charge you with that. I only want you to take action so that she may be—may be——"

" Rehabilitated, you would say ? Well, I am anxious to do my duty. I am willing to do what is morally required of me."

He was flushed at that ; triumphant, and, in his way, grateful.

" Thank you," he said. " I knew you would do the right thing. I may rely then upon your putting the matter in your solicitor's hands ? "

" What matter ? " she asked, meeting his gaze calmly.

" The divorce."

Her lips drew up in a scornful curve. " I will do what is right," she said. " If I have wronged anyone I will apologise and make reparation. But you tell me that you do not attach any blame to me. Don't you see how ridiculous it all is ? I am to do penance. I am to be dragged through the Court, and have my name in its muddied annals as one who thought to have married a man, and found him only—a brute ! "

" Dorothy ! " he cried.

Her mouth hardened, her eyes sparkled with indignation as she looked at him. Fighting down his wrathful gaze, and compelling him to shamed silence, she went on : " Yes, a brute. A man is only superior to the brutes because he has control, will, mastery of his baser passions. How do you stand that test ? And you call your suggestions making reparation ! There, I'm wasting words. I know you think you're acting nobly ; that's your way. The King can do no wrong—noble creature. Your ineffable complacency can't bear the thought of self-analysis. Well, have your Miss Pallant. I have not been wronged or robbed. I have lost nothing—nothing. But I have gained all. Do you think I would willingly keep you at my side, stretch out the tip of my finger to retain you ? *'C'est pour rire.'* You can go—go now. I shall not interfere with your—love. And I shall not think of you at all. You've been fed on fiction, my dear man. You have read of the woman who grieves in sackcloth and ashes because she has been deserted ; of the woman who tries with all her power to win her husband back, and weeps when she finds she can't. Oh, I know. Don't think I'm going to moralise at you ; you can do what you please."

" Your virtue is wonderful, of course," he said, recovering himself, and sneering. " But, putting that aside, will you think of the immorality of vindictiveness ? You want to take it out of Miss Pallant."

(*Continued on page 448*)

A Stricken Lincolnshire Landmark

Photo *Bolak*

BOSTON STUMP, THE TOWER OF BOSTON PARISH CHURCH, RECENTLY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

The famous Boston Stump was "stumped by a thunderbolt" during a storm in the Fen country ten days ago, one of the pinnacles of the splendid tower, half a ton in weight, and other pieces of masonry, being dislodged and falling on to the roadway beneath. The beautiful church of St. Botolph—the town's name is a corruption of Botolph's Town—is one of the largest parish churches in the Kingdom, and its celebrated Perpendicular tower, 263 feet high, is not only a landmark all over the Fens, but also a sea-mark well known to mariners, to whom its graceful octagonal lantern at one time did actually serve as a lighthouse

(*Continued from page 446*)

"You think that stings me," she returned calmly. "Perhaps it would if I were not perfectly indifferent and regardless of anything you can say. You want to marry the woman. Will that make her any better? You want to drag her through the Court. Will that prove how immaculate she is? You suggest that it would be the best plan to drag two women through the mire, and call it reparation. What do you think of yourself? Do you still call your smirched passions Love? Now you can go."

He gazed at her open-mouthed. As far as he could see he had gained nothing. His wife's indifference maddened him, with its suggestion of utter contempt.

"I beg you," he cried, crushing down his rage, and striving to mould his features to a look of appeal. "Don't let your sense of wrong drive you to thoughts of revenge. Give us a chance, Dorothy. Let us be legally separated, you and I."

Mrs. Tangye left the mantel, and came across the room. She drew forward a chair, and seated herself. A book lay on a table at her side, and, taking it up, she turned the pages idly. For a full minute she did not speak at all, and when she did she kept her gaze averted.

"I shall take no revenge. I shall do nothing. If I was angry, jealous, I would seek to satisfy those feelings by endeavouring to separate you and this woman. I am not. You go your way and I shall go mine. Your letters, if you write, will be returned unread. The doors of this house, which is mine, will be closed against you. You have divorced yourself, and I hope you are satisfied with the decree. I never moved a finger towards that end, but now that it is reached I congratulate myself. I am glad—so glad!"

"You loved me once," he said, doggedly.

"Please don't remind me of that *bêtise*. I am only concerned with my immediate sensations. Why should I love you now? Simply because you're a man? The world's crowded with you. Simply because I'm a woman? Well, thank Heaven, I'm not hysterical, or maudlin, or neurotic. I'm just a healthy woman, who can forget, and be glad to forget."

"I don't believe it," he said savagely. "A woman cannot put love out of her heart like that. Even the rotten poetry you're so fond of reading says love is woman's whole existence."

"You men can't forget your theories even when you're rhyming," she returned scornfully. "You back each other up; it's one of your—virtues. You can't believe that I don't still worship you as a god. There's no '*meus Rex*' in your phrase—only I, I, I. Women are such forgiving souls, aren't they? They must not presume to judge their liege lords, or expect them to possess any of the more commonplace virtues. Women must be chaste, but men—what a sweet thing it is to stand above criticism."

"The world will judge you harshly," he struck in triumphantly. "You imagine you will get sympathy; but you won't. They will say you are spiteful, when you think you are heroic. If you shut yourself up here, they will tell each other that you are absorbed in your grief."

"If—yes. But I am not going to go into retirement. I have a card for the Tournels to-night. I am going on to the Saviles. Oh, I shall fulfil my social duties with particular zest. I shan't wear the willow, or, to borrow another forest motto from you men, sport my oak. Perhaps you are afraid I may attack you to my friends. I shan't! I have put you completely out of my life. You were already almost forgotten when you intruded yourself this afternoon. I repeat, I am indifferent. If you like I will give you some tea before you go. If you touch that bell, Martin will bring it."

Her husband drew a hard breath. He seemed bemused. Was there no vulnerable point in her defences? He could have opposed rage to rage, but found no words with which to combat indifference so complete and thorough as that with which she regarded him.

"No!" he almost shouted, "I will not. This farce has gone on long enough."

"What unnecessary excitement about the refusal of a cup of tea," Mrs. Tangye said sweetly. "As to the farce, I am quite of your mind. You have asked me to divorce you," she smiled, raising her eyebrows in an amused way. "I have refused—absolutely. The *pourparlers* have come to an end. Will you go, or shall I?"

He groaned. Then, rising suddenly, he crossed the room to her, and, kneeling by her side, laid his hands on her arm. "Think, Dorothy, think!" he begged.

She did not draw away from him, but looked down into his face.

"I remember that attitude, that look, so well," she said, musingly. "You knelt when you told me you—loved me. When you wanted to do something I only half wished. Even your enemies must admit that you know how to charm a woman."

He saw hope in that, felt certain that she was relenting. In the mood of softened reminiscence he might yet gain his ends.

"Do you remember, Dorothy?" he said.

She sprang suddenly to her feet. His hands slipping from her fell heavily on the chair. "Now you *must* go. You have shown me how you can press your sentiment into the service of your base desires. Can't you see that I see? Know that I know? *Poseur!*"

He rose with an oath, his face purple with passion. His words flowed hot and furious from his lips. "You must—you shall free me," he shouted. "I'll make you. I'll force you to it whatever happens. I won't have the girl exposed to taunts. I'll show you."

"You have shown me," she returned steadily. "If you were in a lower class of society you would have been a wife-beater—and a Don Juan of the alleys. No threats! I am not afraid. You may fume, rage, let the natural man get uppermost. *N'importe.* You talk to empty air, no more."

He struck his hands together passionately; his lip dropped, the lines of his face fell in. Mrs. Tangye was trembling now, a prey to powerful conflicting emotions. Her slight shoulders shook as she faced him.

"Go—go!" she cried, in a voice which she strove vainly to render firm.

He turned his back upon her, and moved slowly, uncertainly, to the door. He paused there momentarily, turning a convulsed face upon her. Did she read penitence there? She tried to dismiss the thought, but could not.

"Is that your last word?" he asked in a low voice.

She did not reply, but, turning again to the mantel, leaned against it. To the man her figure seemed tense with denial of him. There was that in the turn of her

(*Continued on page 450*)

In Pensive Mood

MISS LILY ELSIE, THE POPULAR "MERRY WIDOW" AT DALY'S THEATRE

No one will regret the kind chance which gave Miss Lily Elsie the opportunity of appearing in the title-rôle of that popular production, "The Merry Widow," for her playing of the part has been phenomenally successful. Her début in London was in "A Chinese Honeymoon," in which she acted during almost its entire run. Subsequently she was seen in "Lady Madcap," "The Little Michus," "See-See," and "The New Aladdin"

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

(*Continued from page 448*)

head which, misreading, he took for confirmation that they were now and for ever separated. He told himself that she could not have spoken more plainly.

The door closed.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Tangye was looking fixedly into the mirror before her. She was studying her own face, trying desperately to solve the problem which lay there. Was she really indifferent, or had that been a mere pretence, the outcome of a natural self-protective instinct? Had she unconsciously played traitor to her own will? He had gone from her, and she was asking herself how much pain was mingled in the emotions swaying her; how much regret.

For a moment she could not have told. She felt stricken at heart, too broken to analyse the feelings and sensations that came crowding into her brain. In a vivid flash of memory she visualised all that he had been to her.

Returning to her chair, she seated herself. Her heart beat furiously with the passion of agitated reminiscence. She began to sob then, low, voiceless sobs that shook her. He had been kind once. She had thought him the mirror of chivalry. Every little attention he had paid her then, each word of love, came back to her memory, pleading like mute witnesses for mercy, for generosity to the man who had called her wife.

She was completely absorbed in that painful retrospect, so absorbed that she did not notice the door open softly. She was struggling with her thoughts. All that had been, all that—but for her answer—might still be, passed before her mind in mournful review. If he had waited, if he were here now, how different would have been her reply.

"Dorothy!"

She started, and looked up to find her husband had entered, and was kneeling at her side. Before she could open her lips to reply, he had taken her hands, and was pressing them with remorseful tenderness.

"Oh, Dorothy, I have been a brute to you! You were right. I dare hardly look you in the face after what has happened. Pity me, and forgive—forgive, Dorothy. I am sorry with all my soul. I am prepared to go, but before I leave you again, I want to hear you say that you—forgive me."

She looked down at him, smiling through her tears. Looking up into her face, softened by an expression of immeasurable pity, he caught a gleam of hope, and tightened his grasp on her hands.

"You will—you will!" he cried.

Mrs. Tangye bowed her head. "I am prepared to do what you wish," she said faintly.

"What I wish?" he said irresolutely.

"In—in that matter," she murmured.

For a moment he stared at her, then, putting his arms about her, he drew her to him.

"Don't you understand? You will—you must! I have been a cur. That is over. Done with. Don't you see?"

Her nervous fingers gripped his arm. "I—I hardly know."

He released her quickly, and stood up. His face was sad and tender. She rose, too, and he held out his hands.

"Dorothy, I want to come back. I—I want *you!*"

And in a moment she was at his side.

JOHN HASLETTE.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Land of Blossom: A Wonderful May Scene in Germany

That the country-side of Britain is not the only one now with blossom and verdure clad is proved by the wonderful vista of orchards in flower in the fruit-growing district of Germany. Few sights are more entrancing than such a panorama of hundreds of acres covered with thousands of trees loaded with delicate blooms

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Five Nights." By Victoria Cross. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Wild Widow." By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James. (Werner Laurie: 6s.)
"The Scarlet Runner." By Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Methuen: 6s.)

The Regeneration of "Victoria Cross"

Can it be that Victoria Cross is—regenerating? Shall we yet meet her in the homely home, through the medium of a Harmsworthy serial? The prophecy seems a rash one, but, with the fate of Mr. Ranger Gull (alias Guy Thorne) fresh in memory, nothing is impossible. I have just run through Mrs. (?) Cross's *Five Nights* (John Long: 6s.). The title had led me to expect something of the style of Mrs. Glyn's *Three Weeks* with the action hastened, and the emotionalism compressed. But the expectation has been falsified. *Five Nights* is, I should say, almost a homely narrative. It is hardly likely that a handsome young artist-man, who searches the globe for models, should be himself a model—of probity. That such a man as Trevor Lonsdale, abnormally sensitive to feminine charm, should have a succession of amorous experiences is only likely; also, that his memories of them should be chiefly nocturnal, and susceptible to narrative treatment under such a title as *Five Nights*. Nor are the experiences themselves either reprehensible or unusual. When, in Alaska, a sweet young Celestial falls in love with him, and applies "Superman" tactics, there is nothing specially surprising in his taking her for a stroll in the woods (where her husband supervenes). Then, when he returns home to claim his sweetheart, Viola, it is most plausible of the twain to agree to waive the stupid technicality of marriage, and live together informally. Both own artistic temperaments—why wed? Then, during their cohabitation, what more natural than that Trevor should toy with a fair Bacchante model—Veronica—and so on and so forth? I am entirely unshocked by Trevor's goings-on. Had Mrs. Cross intended to shock me, she should never have made her hero an artist—nowadays everybody, even in the suburbs, makes allowances, and applies the necessarily lenient standard. Had Trevor been, say, a solicitor, or on Lloyd's, I should have forbidden *Five Nights* the house But an artist! Of course, we all know that possession of "the temperament" is the cardinal excuse for everything. As Mrs. Cross has quoted (from some German):

> The will in morals is everything; in art, nothing. In Art, nothing avails but the being able.

That excuses Trevor, and it throws a shroud of drab propriety over *Five Nights* which is not unlikely, as above suggested, to lead Mrs. Cross, sooner or later, to walk into the parlour of the ever-vigilant Carmelite spider. A serial by Victoria Cross in the *Daily Mail* is a possibility we may now awaken any morning to find realised.

Miss Gertrude Wentworth James

A writer of promise, whose first novel, "The Wild Widow," has just been published (Werner Laurie: 6s.)

* * *

A Promising New Author

If *The Wild Widow* (Werner Laurie: 6s.) is, as I suspect, the first novel of Miss Gertie de S. Wentworth James, the author bids fair to blossom. The story is packed full of life and mirth and humour. Chiefly feminine in characterisation, it presents a living picture of modern womanhood. The central character, Mrs. Orlitson, is suspected from the first to be a monster. Having lost her husband, she embarks in gambling schemes and intrigues and fast ways of life. And yet there is something not unlikeable about her, despite her looseness and cynicism. The other heroine, Honora Vayne, the girl who lives alone—a sort of poultry-keeping Œnone—refusing to allow herself to be loved, because of a mystery in her life, is alluring. Miss James has succeeded in weaving an attractive novel

based on a somewhat implausible coincidence, but she keeps her secret so darkly that one is bound, when, at the end of the book, it is disclosed, to forget its crudity in sheer amazement at its audacity. *The Wild Widow* is, this defect pardoned, a bright and breezy novel, thoroughly up to date, and clever in a new-womanish sort of way. Miss James must write some more, avoiding, if possible, crude coincidences and bombshell revelations. Her powers of sketching character are undeniable, and her dialogue is witty and suggestive.

* * *

Those Gardening Books

Why are our towns overcrowded? I can't give all the reasons. But one which I will hazard is "because of the number of books which are now being published on the subject of gardening." If there is one thing more than another likely to drive a man (or woman)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Where to Picnic in Piccadilly

The fine Terrace Garden of the new Piccadilly Hotel, where one may enjoy all the pleasures of a picnic without any of its disadvantages

to hotel, flat, or club life, it is the dismal influence of a glance at such a book as *The Summer Garden of Pleasure* (Methuen: 16*s.* net). It has plates in it—gorgeous blazes of colour, bewildering floral arrangements—calculated to turn the eye green with envy. And then one goes home and sees the realities of one's own back-patch. If, after contemplating the splendours and reading the counsels of perfection of such books as these, one proceeds to pull up so much as one weed, or shortens the length of one grass-blade, or clips one laurel, of one's own garden, then, truly, is one dead to all sense of shame. No, such books as these are not for such as oneself. But I see, on glancing at the preface (of course, *after* reading the fascinating volume), that the author, Mrs. Stephen Batson, has anticipated me. She, too, warns those who desire to be free men to "shun gardening like gambling, and take refuge in cities and hotels from this pernicious enchantment." But who is to say that one will escape it in hotels? Are there not roof-gardens in Piccadilly now? A sort of instinct tells me so, and a photograph reminds me that it is not altogether inadvisable, *en passant*, to say so.

* * *

A Quixote of the Car

The motor-car is, with dangerous velocity, gathering unto itself a literature. No authors have, however, devoted themselves so determinedly to the task of romanticising the contrivance as Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Already they have conspired to produce five novels with motor interest—all of them not only most valuable as instruction, but also really excellent as stories. The latest of these is *The Scarlet Runner* (Methuen: 6*s.*). The car is a long arrangement in red, and its driver is a "thin, dark, eagle-faced young man, with an air of breeding not contradicted by his evident self-consciousness." He has been placed under an obligation to earn his living honestly, on pain of disinheritance by his uncle, and the way he does it is to ply for hire in the streets of London—and elsewhere. In his subsequent adventures, he is positively Quixotic in his variety. Fancy picking up the Kaiser (incog.) in Regent Street, and running him off on a secret political mission! It recalls the luck of Sherlock Holmes himself. And the other adventures are hardly less thrilling. He helps a Prince to his throne; solves the mystery of a haunted house; unravels the problem of a motor-car abandoned in the sea; thwarts an ingenious plot to "hold up" a house-party of millionaires; saves a great diamond; becomes entangled in an intrigue woven about a gold cigarette-case; and finally loses a great motor race, but in losing it wins a charming wife. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson always write attractively; in this volume they almost bid fair to beat themselves. I, for one, should never have thought it humanly possible to make so much copy out of a motor—even a long, red one, driven by an eagle-faced young man.

* * *

Old Age Pensions

Those interested in Mr. Asquith's Old Age Pensions scheme will find Mr. William Sutherland's little book on *Old Age Pensions*, recently published by Messrs. Methuen, a very clear exposition of the lines on which the Government Pensions scheme has been evolved. All the figures and estimates used by Mr. Asquith are given, and there are complete and very useful descriptions of the Old Age Pensions schemes actually in operation in New Zealand (where the scheme is very like that now proposed for England), Germany, Denmark, France, Belgium, and Australia, each of these descriptions being written by competent officials resident in the different countries treated of.

* * *

A Memoir of Dr. Edmund Symes-Thompson has been prepared by his wife, and will be issued immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock. Lord Balfour of Burleigh is a contributor to the volume, which also contains a portrait of Dr. Symes-Thompson, and other illustrations. Mr. Elliot Stock also announces for immediate publication a volume of *Original Poems* by C. E. Stanley Thomas; also a new work entitled *What is Truth?* by the author of "The Mission of the Cross."

V. C

"Heaven's Reflex"—Through Nature's Telescope

Photo *Guy-Cork*

A VIEW OF KILLARNEY FROM LORD KENMARE'S DEMESNE, WHICH IS NOW FOR SALE

It is from Lord Kenmare's beautiful park, which skirts the edge of the Lower Lake, that the beauties of Killarney can best be seen and appreciated. The varieties and contrasts of Ireland's Eden, the soft verdure of the vegetation, the placid lake dotted with islets and the rugged mountains as a background, altogether form a picture almost without parallel the world over. There is a legend that once every seven years the great O'Donoghue rides across the lake on a snow-white horse to his ancient castle on one of the islands. Those who can follow him on his return before the dawn are rewarded by a liberal gift from his treasures buried in the opposite mountains

OUTDOOR LIFE

POLO, ROWING, GOLF, THE GARDEN, RACING, LAWN TENNIS

D. C. R. Stuart

The well-known Cambridge stroke who has just been elected President of the Cambridge University Boat Club

Photo *Short and General*

POLO

The Social Clubs

The chief event of the week was the Social Clubs' Tournament at Hurlingham, which is open to the members of recognised social clubs in town or country. As a matter of fact, only one country club has ever won the tournament, and that was when the Pitt Club, Cambridge, brilliantly represented by Messrs. Freake, Buckmaster, and others, beat the Wellington Club handsomely on the day following the relief of Mafeking. Of the players just mentioned, Mr. Buckmaster led the Bath Club on to the field last week, and it was mainly his fine work which enabled them to beat the Cavalry Club fairly comfortably, thus qualifying to meet White's Club in the final. Truth to tell, it was not a game which one will cherish in memory. Obviously, players were short of practice, but all that will be altered in the course of the next few weeks. During the present week principal interest attaches to the Army Cup at Ranelagh, and an attractive match at Roehampton on Saturday between the Roehampton 1906 team and the Rest of England, captained by Mr. Buckmaster.

The Horse Show

There promises to be some extraordinarily keen competition among the leading owners of harness horses at the coming International Show at Olympia. In the classes for high-class carriage horses, Mr. Walter Winans will, no doubt, again hold a tremendously strong hand, but Mr. John Kerr, who did well at the great show last year, hopes to send some steppers from his charming place at Loudwater, near Rickmansworth, which will vanquish all comers. Mr. Kerr sets his hopes chiefly on the beautiful bays, Gongelt and Grangelt, which were not seen at Olympia last year; but they came out in glorious form at the picturesque Richmond Show, and seemed to me to be as delightful a pair of 15 hands 2 in. phaeton horses as one could wish to see. Our photograph showing Gongelt and Grangelt was taken only a few days ago, and as they are now moving in even finer form than last season, it may well be imagined that they will take a tremendous lot of beating at Olympia. The show begins on June 18, and everything about it is highly attractive to the lover of horses. A. W. C.

'VARSITY ROWING

As last week I gave some notice to the Oxford eights, news from Cambridge may not be unwelcome. "The Hall," so far as I can judge, seem fairly sure to retain their place as Head of the River this year. D. C. R. Stuart—who has just been elected President of the C.U.B.C. in succession to E. W. Powell — is giving his crew plenty of hard work and in rowing, like other things, it is grind that pays in the end, as the success of the 'Varsity boat for

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Coming Horse Show: Mr. John Kerr and his Fine Team

Not the least interesting among the competitors at the International Horse Show, to open at Olympia on June 18, will be some of Mr. John Kerr's steppers. Great things are expected of his Gongelt and Grangelt, who are in even finer form than last season. The names of his team (left to right) are: Loudwater Gongelt, Loudwater Grangelt, Friar Tuck, Robin Hood

After the Kill

Photo] THE END OF A GOOD HUNT WITH THE CULMSTOCK OTTER HOUNDS [*H. E. Hatt*

The warmer weather is now more favourable for otter hunting than it has been during the past month, and the packs of Devon and Somerset are all enjoying good sport. The Culmstock Hounds were founded by Mr. W. P. Collier in 1837, who hunted them himself till 1890

the last three years has shown. Jesus, who are at present third on the river, are reported to be determined to bump "First" and Hall, while Lady Margaret, who are behind them, are quite a good crew, so that the top boats should provide good racing, as they did last year, when Stuart had to be lifted out of the Hall boat every night at the end of its race. The Magdalene Light Pairs, an event open to the 'Varsity, was won by E. W. Powell and E. G. Williams, of Third Trinity, both being ex-captains of the boats at Eton. In the first heat, A. H. Lloyd and P. V. G. Van der Byl, of Pembroke, beat G. E. Fairbairn and N. E. Hawdon, of Jesus, in a ding-dong race, but succumbed next day, after a determined effort, to the particularly strong and experienced Third Trinity pair. In the Lowe Double Sculls, Fairbairn and Hawdon were again together, and this time were successful, winning by thirty yards.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Hot on the Trail: A Patrol of B.-P.'s Boy Scouts in Training

A camp of General Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts has recently been held at Haywards Heath for the inculcation of practical lessons in scout-craft. The scheme is an excellent adjunct to the outdoor life of a school and to the programme of organisations working among boys

The Championship Course Question

GOLF. By ERNEST LEHMANN

A Startling Championship Rumour

Having dealt at some length with this question in THE BYSTANDER of the 20th inst., I should not again refer to it were it not for an extraordinary rumour, which I have good reason to believe correct. Briefly stated, the rumour comes to this: that the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers are going to be asked, at the forthcoming meeting of Amateur Championship delegates at Sandwich, to withdraw their course (Muirfield) from the Amateur Championship rota, and that failing compliance with this demand their green will be compulsorily taken out of the rota, leaving the number at four, viz., St. Andrews, Prestwick, Hoylake, and Sandwich. This is, then, the "rearrangement" spoken of in the circular of the Royal and Ancient Green Committee, which received the approval of the recent Spring meeting of the members. Verily, it is a "rearrangement" with a vengeance. Now, in what I am going to write I shall necessarily proceed on the assumption that the Honourable Company are not willing agents in the matter, and that they have no desire to have their green withdrawn from the Amateur Championship rota. It is hardly conceivable that such an important matter, very closely affecting the status of the club, should have been decided without the knowledge of the members of the club. I am a member, but have received no notice or circular mentioning the subject. I am, therefore, I conceive, entitled to assume that the club is not taking the initiative, and that any action that may be taken will be taken against their wish and without their consent.

Two Aspects of the Question

There are two ways of looking at this question of Amateur Championship greens. One view concerns the intrinsic merits of the course, the other the status of the club and the convenience and accessibility of its course for the tournament. As to the intrinsic merits of the course I have no doubt whatever. As to the status of the Honourable Company, there can also be no question. It is one of the oldest and most influential clubs in Scotland, and is the leading club in the Lothians district. Were Muirfield withdrawn from the rota there would be no course left to represent the Lothians, one of the richest and most fruitful districts, speaking in a golfing sense, in Scotland. At present, Scotland's representation is admirably balanced, St. Andrews standing for Fife, Prestwick for the West, and Muirfield for the Lothians. Then its accessibility and convenience are patent. It is close to Edinburgh, and served by an admirable train service. And it must not be forgotten that it is a private course, a great desideratum for either Championship, and more especially for the Amateur, in these days of crowded entries and concomitant crowds of lookers-on. Awkward questions sometimes arise which are difficult to deal with when they occur on a public course. On this ground alone it would be a thousand pities were Muirfield taken out of the list.

An Unmerited Slur

But surely we need not put the claims of the Honourable Company on such humble grounds. Surely great consideration is due to a club of such historical standing, to a club which has faithfully served the best interests of golf in the past, and continues to do so in the present, which contains among its members some of the finest amateur players in the world, and which has never ceased striving to bring its course up to the highest state of efficiency possible.

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A Beautiful Rock Garden

Such an unmerited slur on a leading club would form a very evil precedent. I trust, therefore, that the Amateur Championship delegates will not listen to such a proposal, and will not only refuse to part with Muirfield, but add Westward Ho, and raise the Amateur Championship rota to the number of six, three greens for Scotland and three for England, reserving the Irish claim for future years.

THE GARDEN. By H. C. DAVIDSON

The Beauty of Fruit Trees

The decorative value of fruit trees has seldom been better shown than it has this year. A fine pear on an old wall, or a well-grown apple, crab, or cherry on the lawn, is always ornamental; but this spring fruit trees of all kinds have been simply magnificent, and this too, in spite of the cold, damp autumn, an autumn generally supposed to be prejudicial to fruiting. Unless an exceptionally late frost intervenes, the crop should be a heavy one, but in that case severe thinning will be necessary, or the fruit will be small. There are insects to be reckoned with, of course; these we are not likely to escape—at least, some systematic method of spraying is adopted in this country, and, if necessary, rendered compulsory. But it will be interesting to see whether they are as numerous as usual. We are often told that a severe winter has its compensations for the gardener in the destruction of insect pests. If so, they must have fared badly during the frost and snow which visited the greater part of the country at the end of April, for many of them would then have been quite young, and, therefore, in the worst condition to resist extremes of temperature. It is, however, very doubtful whether the weather has much effect on them.

Plants in the Greenhouse

Tuberous begonias, started in March, are now growing strongly in the greenhouse. Warmth, moisture, and plenty of light and air are their chief requirements. No artificial fertiliser should be given to them at present. They will find in the soil all the food they need, and as soon as it is filled with roots they should be transferred to larger pots. If they are allowed to get pot-bound they will be forced into flower prematurely. In any case it is generally advisable to pick off the first buds in order to concentrate the energies of the plants on growth. Azaleas which have finished flowering should be placed in the warmest corner of the house and syringed frequently so as to induce new shoots to start at once, for on these shoots will depend next year's flowers. Towards the end of June, or at the beginning of July, the plants should be transferred to the open air to ripen their growth. Fuchsias, geraniums, and verbenas, like begonias, must be moved into larger pots as soon as they fill those they already occupy. The only way to get fine plants, and, therefore, fine flowers, is to keep them growing by supplying them with plenty of food, and thus to retard flowering until they are large and strong. If they are wanted in small pots for table decoration, an artificial fertiliser may be used to compensate for the deficiency in soil.

Photo *Keene*

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Who Will Win the Derby?

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE

CAN PERRIER WIN?

Concerning the King's Colt

A wonderful thing is this coming Derby. Everybody appears to be afraid to touch the race in a financial sense, and it looks like being a phenomenal year for sweepstakes. The prevailing idea seems to be that one has just as much chance of finding the winner by taking a share or two in a "sweep" as by backing one of the horses which have been quoted so far in the betting! Perhaps the most amazing incident of all has been the strong revival in favour of the King's colt. We saw Perrier absolutely beaten to the world in the Two Thousand Guineas. He was supposed to be fitter than most of the other competitors, seeing that he had been in public earlier in the season, yet he could get no nearer than fifth to the winner. On that form Perrier did not have a 33 to 1 chance of winning the Derby. Yet here we find him second favourite for the race, presumedly well-backed at 8 to 1. It is all very remarkable. Nobody at Newmarket seems to know exactly what the Royal colt has done in his gallops to cause this rush in his favour; but the inference, of course, is that he has exhibited a good deal of improvement.

A Derby Mystery

Another profound mystery centres in the Russley stable. Colonel Hall Walker is not a betting man, and he likes the public to be on his good things. He has publicly stated that he fancies the chance of White Eagle. From this we infer that this colt, and not Royal Realm, will be his chief representative at Epsom. So far, so good. But what about Sir Archibald, who is trained in the same stable? All of us are desperately keen to know what Mr. Atty Persse thinks of the respective merits of his two charges, but we are told that the two animals have never been tried together, and in any case Mr. Persse's first duty is to the owners of the colts, and not to inquisitive inquirers. White Eagle we saw last week win the Payne Stakes, but as the opposition was intensely feeble, you could not tell much from that. For a direct line between the two, therefore, we have to go back to the Two Thousand, wherein Sir Archibald was the better-fancied and proved a bit the better in the race. Personally, I shall always give the preference to Mr. Basset's colt until I see with my own eyes that the Newmarket running was wrong. Going on the same line of reasoning, I shall expect Norman III. to beat them both.

Little Flutter

Since the Liverpool meeting, when he was brought out in a rather backward state, I have been waiting for the appearance of a three-year-old whose name is very familiar to racegoers. He has not always been mentioned in the training reports, but has occasionally had a good gallop. Nor in the Derby betting was he ever mentioned until last Saturday. And then came the interesting line—"50 to 1 against Little Flutter (taken)." I am in the dark as to whether the colt is sound or not, but it is obvious that if Little Flutter is anything like so good as he was in 1907 he at least deserves to be a better favourite for the Derby than Mountain Apple. In the Free Handicap last autumn he was reckoned by the Handicapping Committee to be 9lb. better than Mr. Buchanan's colt and 3lb. better than Sir Archibald. And this is the colt they quote at 50 to 1! The colt is said to be a non-stayer, but it won't need a very brilliant stayer to win the Derby this year. Anything may happen after St. Wolf's staggering success at Newmarket last week.

Selections

My final forecast for the Derby result can be kept until next week, but at the moment I think Norman III. to be the best thing for a win, and Little Flutter (at those fine odds just mentioned) for a place. On the opening day at Epsom Lord Rosebery may win the Woodcote Stakes with **Perdiccas**. The present week is a quiet one before the bustle of Epsom. At Bath **Santeve** may take the Somersetshire Stakes on Wednesday, and **Pillo** the Chesterfield Handicap at Doncaster on the following day. At Windsor on Saturday **Quixotic** should be noted for the *Sporting Times* Handicap.

The Late Tom Morris

The great golfing week of the year has been saddened by the sudden death of Tom Morris, the Grand Old Man of golf, which occurred at St. Andrews on Sunday as the result of falling downstairs at the new St. Andrews Club-house. The veteran professional, who, in his own words, "had played gowf close on eighty years," would have been eighty-seven next month

Whitsuntide Holidays

The Great Northern Railway Company's Whitsuntide holiday programme is a very comprehensive one, and fully sustains that Company's reputation for having made holiday travel a speciality.

On Friday, June 5, excursions for 4, 8, and 17 days are being run to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and all parts of Scotland; on Friday night, 5th, for 3, 4, or 8 days; and on Saturday, 6th, for 3, 4, or 8 days to Cromer, Sheringham, and stations on the Norfolk Coast, Lincoln, Grimsby, and Lincolnshire stations; Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, and Yorkshire stations; Nottingham, and along the whole East Coast of England, throughout the Midlands, to Lancashire, and to the Isle of Man.

Bookings for half and one day have also been arranged to cover the stations lying in the Home Counties, Peterborough, Grantham, Lincoln, Boston, Grimsby, Nottingham, Newark, and Retford.

Visitors to Manchester races have also been well catered for, there being bookings for suitable periods on Whit-Tuesday, 9th, Wednesday, 10th, Thursday, 11th, and Friday, 12th.

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The Catch of the Cricket Season

CRICKET

Surrey beat Worcestershire by 14 runs

One could not wish to see a more interesting game than that which ended at Worcester on Wednesday in the defeat of Worcestershire by Surrey by the narrow margin of 14 runs. Curiously enough, though Worcestershire stand high in first-class county cricket (they were bracketed second in the County Championship last year), they have never yet got the better of Surrey, so that they were striving for a win of some significance, while Surrey were striving just as hard to preserve their unbeaten record. As a matter of fact, Worcestershire ought to have won, for after Surrey had made 229, Worcestershire, thanks to a fine innings by Bowley of 123, were in a very favourable position on Tuesday, and might easily have topped Surrey's total by more than about 30 runs (their whole innings realised 257), while later on, when Hayward, Hobbs, and Hayes had only made 10 between them in Surrey's second innings, it again seemed as if Surrey were collared. However, Worcestershire failed to hold on to their advantage, and Surrey rallied. Marshal hit up 176, J. N. Crawford got 76, Holland 30, and Captain Bush 25, with the result that Worcestershire found themselves confronted with the difficult task of making 307 if they wanted to win. That they only just failed to do it was due to a splendid 174 by H. K. Foster — quite one of the best innings he has ever played.

The Catch of the new Cricket Season

Alan Marshal, whose work for Surrey has already made him the most prominent figure of the new cricket season. In the Derby match he made the top score and took twelve wickets for 73 runs in the two innings, while against Worcester he scored 176. A native of Queensland, he first played in this country in Dr. W. G. Grace's eleven

LAWN TENNIS

The Absence of N. E. Brookes and What It Involves

It is now definitely announced that, owing to the indifferent state of his father's health, Norman Brookes will not come over to England this year, either to defend the Championship or to play in the Olympic Competitions. This means that in all probability we shall not see H. L. Doherty playing at Wimbledon either. For one thing, as everybody knows, he has become very keen indeed on golf (he is competing in the Amateur Championship this week), and for another, if he goes in for Wimbledon this year, people are sure to say, "Last year, when Brookes was over, he kept out of the way because he didn't want to risk being beaten. This year, with no Brookes to fear, he turns up again." Of course, the insinuation would not be true, but it would be certain to be made, and the position is distinctly an unfortunate one, because, if "H. L." doesn't show up this year, I am afraid it means his dropping out altogether, as far as Championship play is concerned.

Photos] **The Social Clubs' Tournament at Hurlingham : The Match between the Cavalry and the Bath Clubs** *[Sport and General*

The chief polo event of last week was the Social Clubs' Tournament, in which the Bath Club beat the Cavalry Club by 6 goals to 3, thus qualifying to meet White's Club in the Final

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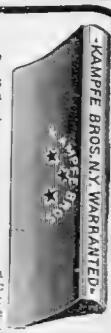

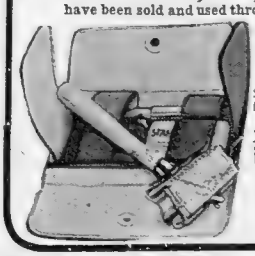

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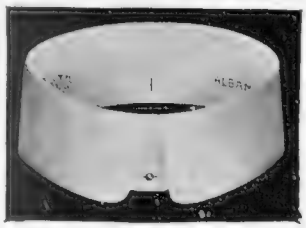

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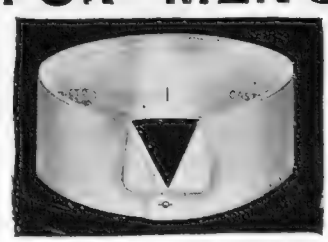

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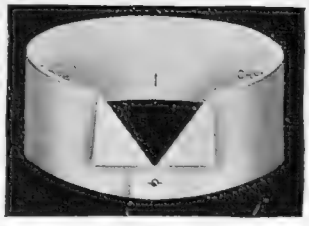

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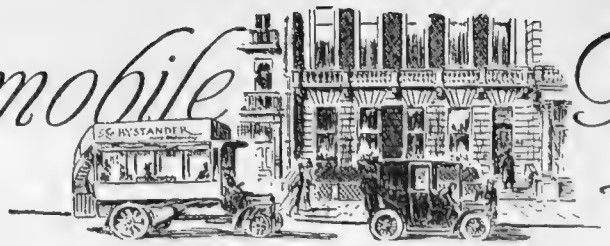

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Russian Race

To-day that youthful veteran in motor-racing, Mr. Charles Jarrott, leaves for St. Petersburg to compete in the race from that city to Moscow on Sunday, May 31. Mr. Jarrott, whose name and fame are known throughout the world of automobilism, is one of the most skilful and intrepid of road-racing motorists. He won his spurs so far back as September, 1899, when he took the Motor-car Club's Five-Mile Championship on a De Dion tricycle in what in those days was the phenomenal time of 8min. 11 3-5th sec. Paris-Vienna, Paris-Madrid, the Gordon Bennett, and the famous Ardennes Circuit—which he won in 1902 at an average speed of fifty-four miles an hour—are among the innumerable Homeric contests in which Mr. Jarrott has engaged with distinction, and his performance in next Sunday's big event will be watched with great interest by his host of friends in this country and on the Continent. The car he is to drive is the same 80 h.-p. De Dietrich with which, a month or two ago, he annexed the world's record for fifty miles at Brooklands. The distance from St. Petersburg to Moscow is 665 versts, or 428 English miles, and the road, although somewhat uneven in surface, is fairly broad and straight, as becomes the highway of a military country. There are three control areas arranged, at Novgorod, Vischnu Volotschek, and Tvér, where petrol and refreshments are to be obtained. Twenty-four cars have been entered, including F.I.A.T., Darracq, Mercédès, Itala, Benz, Berliet, Humber, and Léon-Peugeot makes, and a close and exciting contest is confidently anticipated. The Automobile Exhibition in Moscow, which opened on May 17 and closes on June 2, has been freely supported by the chief Continental firms, who regard the territories of the Tsar as a most promising field in which to do business.

* * *

Brooklands Whitsun Meeting

Brooklands Two-day Whitsuntide Meeting should provide plenty of sport. In addition to an excellent all-round programme, there are the much-discussed challenge races between the Napiers on the one hand and the F.I.A.T. and Metallurgique acceptors on the other. F. Newton, the Napier driver, has probably more experience of race-driving at Weybridge than any other motorist, but as he is to be opposed in the 90 h.-p. match by Felice Nazzaro, the world-famed F.I.A.T. crack, he will doubtless find ample opportunity for the exercise of all his skill. On Saturday, June 6, the two matches in the 26 h.-p. class and the 40 h.-p. class, Napier *v.* Metallurgique, are to be decided, and on Monday, June 8, the 90 h.-p. leviathans will do battle for England and Italy, the distance of this event being a little sprint of twenty-eight miles. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LXVI.: Mr. George Du Cros

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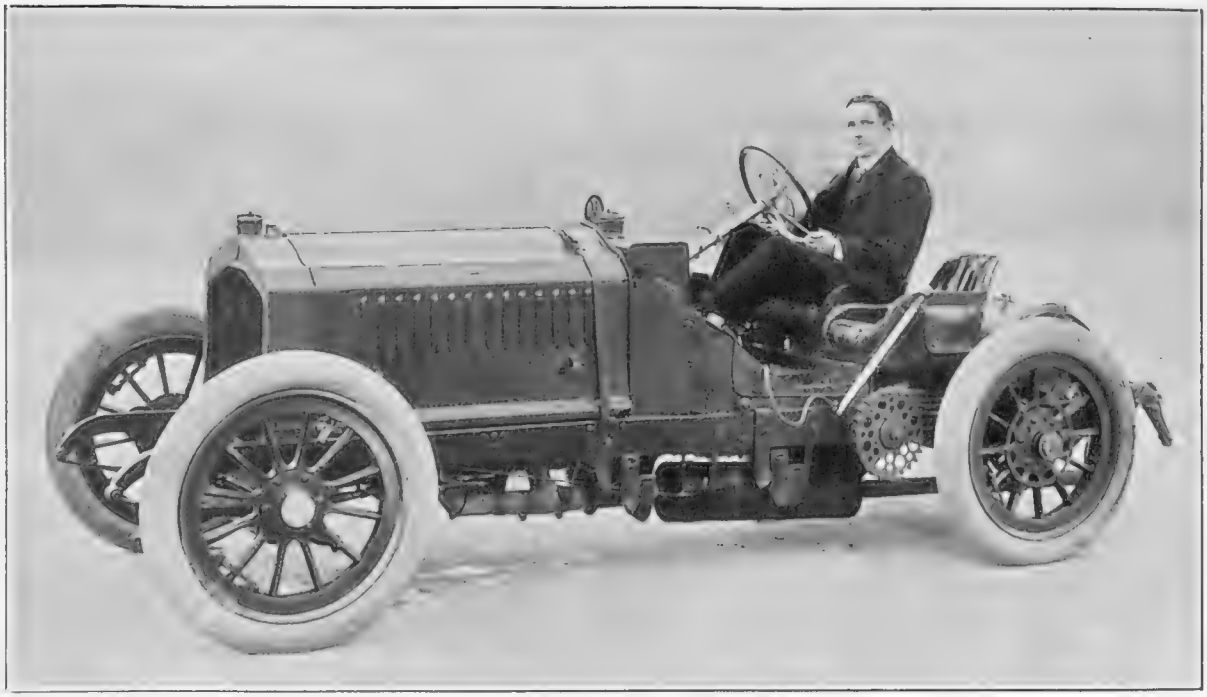
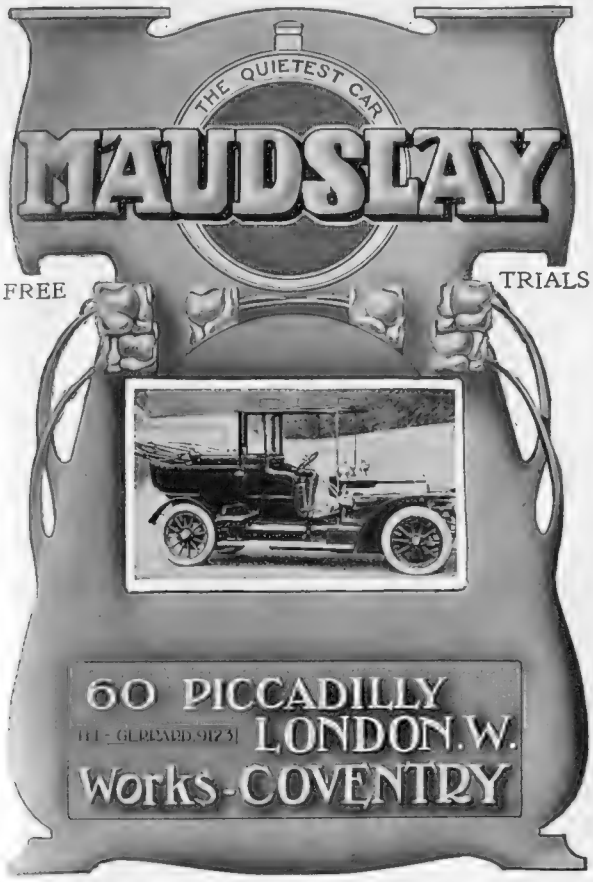


Mr. Charles Jarrott on his 80 h.-p. De Dietrich, which he will drive in the great Race from St. Petersburg to Moscow on May 31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our Car-icature this week, shares to the full the keen business ability and clear insight which have made the members of his family so singularly successful in the world of automobilism. With his brother, Mr. "Willie," he shares the direction of the great business of Panhard and Levassor in this country, and possesses no inconsiderable interest in many other motor concerns. Born and educated in Ireland, Mr. Du Cros claims descent from a Huguenot refugee who settled in the Emerald Isle after the great massacre of 1572. During the late war in South Africa, Mr. Du Cros, who held a commission in the Warwickshire Volunteers, saw much active service, and the experience he there gained confirmed his faith in the absolute necessity for the use of motors in military manœuvres. An expert fencer, a crack shot, and not wholly devoid of skill in the noble art of self-defence, Mr. Du Cros's sympathies are extended to all forms of sport. Although, beyond playing a strenuous part in the election battles of his father and brother, "Mr. George" has hitherto taken little active interest in politics, he is said by those who know him best to entertain aspirations which he may seek to gratify in the cause of the consolidation of the unity of the Empire. D. M.

Car-icature—No. LXVI.:
Mr. George Du Cros

The youngest of the six sons of Hasting's ex-M.P. is as keen a business man as the other members of his family, and takes an active part in many motoring concerns. An all-round sportsman, he served in South Afr.ca, and, it is whispered, means to emulate his father and brother by entering the political field

By Alick P. F. Ritchie

* * *

Miscellanea

Golfing motorists will be interested in the new Orange Spot Dunlop ball—two shillings—just evolved by the famous tyre firm. The rubber core has been improved, and a thinner outer shell than that heretofore employed is used. I hear golden opinions of the Orange Spot.

"W. E. E. H.," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, suggests a remedy against the machinations of the naughty chauffeur who *will* take out his employer's car without permission. It is to lock the change-speed quadrant or gate in such a manner that only the first, reverse, and neutral positions can be engaged. The car may then be moved about in garage, but would be of little use to demonstrate speed and daring to the driver's admiring lady friends.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

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WITH
"KEW" (BRITISH GOVERNMENT) CERTIFICATE.

WHAT IS THE KEW CERTIFICATE?—The name of Aitchison & Co. is so well known as to be in itself a guarantee of quality, but we have decided that in future there shall be no possible question as to the perfection of our "Day" and "Night Marine" and "Stellar" Prism Field Glasses.

Every glass, after being manufactured in our own workshops in London, is sent to the National Physical Laboratory at Kew, the Laboratory of the British Government for testing scientific and optical instruments. The glasses are subjected to severe tests, and those that pass are engraved with the official Kew mark, a certificate being signed by Dr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S., the Director, stating that the glasses possess the magnification indicated; measurement of field; angle of view; quality of definition and achromatism; parallelism of adjustment of the tubes in binoculars; and other important information. The Kew Certificate is the best guarantee of excellence that it is possible to obtain.

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"THE NIGHT MARINE"—The best all-round Prism Binocular for touring and racing purposes, for both day and night work. Large object glasses, Iris diaphragms, etc.
9 Diameters Magnification £6 10s.

"THE DAY MARINE"—The highest power glass yet produced. It has large object glasses, and is suitable for all purposes. The Iris diaphragms with which it is fitted are a great aid in securing definition in all conditions of light; in fact, with this glass one can secure results which would be unobtainable with any others.

No. 12. Ditto 12 diameters Magnification, £7 10s.
" 16. Ditto, 16 diameters Magnification, £8 10s.
" 20. Ditto, 20 diameters Magnification, £10 10s.
" 25. Ditto, 25 diameters Magnification, £12 10s.

The above glasses are supplied with central focussing motion at a cost of £1 extra, the addition of which is strongly advised.

"THE STELLAR"—Magnification ×12, is the same pattern as the × 12 Day Marine, but rather longer in body, giving greater illumination. This model was made first to the order of the Astronomer Royal for Greenwich Observatory, and, though specified for night work, is an admirable glass for all purposes, both day and night. Price, with central focussing motion, and including Kew Certificate £9 10s.

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Thomas Cavan, Esq., M.A., F.R.A.S., Eaton Mascot Hall, Shrewsbury, writes June 7th, 1907:—
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Henry Wright, Esq., Wellington, New Zealand, writes December 26th, 1907:—
"The two × 25 (Aitchison) Day Marine Prism Binoculars reached me in perfect order, and I congratulate you on turning out such perfect articles. I had already the best pair of glasses procurable, but they bear no comparison to yours. I have been testing them to-day, and they seem absolutely faultless."

N. Le Rougetre, Esq., Zanzibar, East Africa, writes Feb. 2nd, 1908:—
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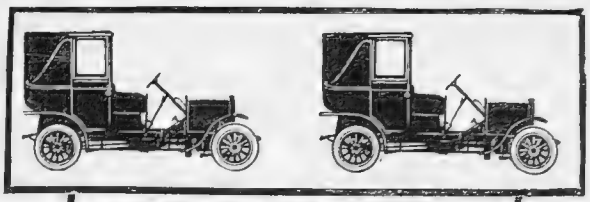

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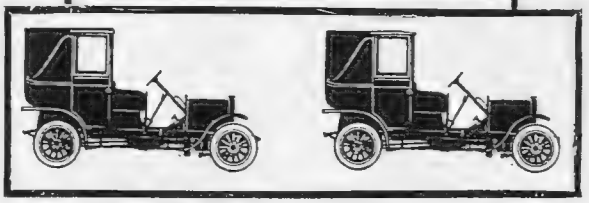

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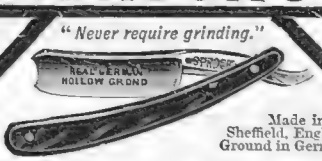

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From all Cutlers and Hairdressers.
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RAZORS.

A Woman's Note Book

A Lachrymose Paragraph

I am sure that men will be rather disgusted with the advice of a well-known French doctor—"We should never restrain our tears." And, indeed, I am sorry for the men. Weeping womenfolk are a nuisance, and it is popularly supposed that even without any such scientific view and encouragement women are only too prone to weep. "They (our tears) form, especially with children, a safety valve, which does nothing less than preserve the balance of the brain," this authority contends. So, evidently, women are not at their worst, nor even at their most illogical, when they weep. No, there is something like a deep-laid plot in half the tears shed by women. They know that tears prove irresistible, for to the harder sort of husbands they act like an intolerable nuisance, to be dried on that very account as soon as possible, to the weaker (or shall we call it the more tender ones?) they cause such affliction that instantaneous "giving in" is the result of their appearance. Men recognise this weakness in themselves. I have known more than one young fellow, discussing the prospect of matrimony, assert, "I *must* give my wife anything she cries for."

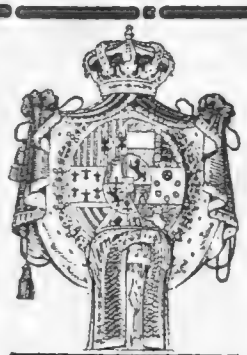
Crying Out of Date

But in these days women do not cry very much. They are too proud to cry. We have to thank the Suffragists and other determined ladies of the community for that. Women do not cry, they assert; they do not pout and dimple and sulk and smile—they argue instead. And, from a purely weakly man point of view, they are very much easier to deal with harshly like that.

Man's Lack of Logic

Here is the illogical aspect of man! While we were silly children he let us rule him; so long as we expressed baby, petulant, wayward fancies, he allowed us to rule the world through him. But now we talk soberly and earnestly, now we can calculate and weigh, now that statistics are at our finger-ends, and future advantages to the human race pucker our foreheads and tire our brains, now that we have made big plans and want to carry them out, now that we are too honest to cajole and cheat and coax, man won't let us have just that thing preliminary to all our hopes—a vote. We won tremendous concessions from him in the olden days; women have ruled empires and sent out armies to fight since goodness knows when, but man had the honour and glory, and even in this enlightened century he wants to keep it, and refuses to give her her little share, just when she has become so sensible and good. If it were really bestowed on the ground of logical and consistent action, it would be man himself at this juncture who must yield up his vote.

LADY PHYLLIS.



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TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS.

REV. WM. CHURCH, 13, Wilton Road, Higham's Park, Chingford, Essex, says: "Gratitude prompts me to write you in respect of 'Wincarnis.' Some weeks ago I was unable to fulfil my Sunday engagement as a Minister. One of my Deacons brought me a bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I purchased a further supply, with the result that I rapidly regained my health and strength. I am now sound and well, and my duties are a real pleasure. You are at liberty to publish this letter if you so desire."

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Send three penny stamps, either with this coupon or by letter, mentioning THE BYSTANDER, to—COLEMAN & Co., LTD., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, for Free Trial Bottle.

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BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 234.—Vol. XVIII. Wednesday, May 27, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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Elegantly appointed FREEHOLD RESIDENCE; perfectly secluded position. 12 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 3 reception rooms, spacious lounge hall, 2 staircases, fine galleried landing, servants' hall, and usual offices. Detached stabling for 2. Shady and undulating pleasure grounds, sloping lawns, flower gardens, kitchen garden, and glasshouses.

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BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE.

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ABOUT 1½ HOURS OF LONDON.

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NORFOLK.—To be LET, the above well-furnished RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered park-like grounds, with nice drive; the House stands on gravel soil with south-west aspect, and contains: entrance hall, 4 good reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and complete offices; gas laid on; excellent coach-house and stabling; the grounds are well timbered, and include fine lawn for 3 tennis courts, and good kitchen garden.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 46)

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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

(in conjunction with Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS) will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, June 2, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously sold privately).—Particulars, plan, and view of Messrs. HARDISTY, RHODES, and HARDISTY, Solicitors, 17, Great Marlborough Street, W.; Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES. AT A LOW RESERVE.

IN THE BEST PART OF ESSEX (1 mile from Ingatestone, on the Great Eastern main line, 4 miles from Brentwood, and 6 from Chelmsford).—The very charming and in many respects unique FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, known as "TRUELOVES," covering an area of about 178 acres, and comprising the above handsome modern Family Mansion, approached by a carriage drive with entrance lodge, and containing: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, and commodious offices. The Residence occupies a beautiful situation, about 250ft. above sea level, and commands delightful views; capital flower, fruit, and vegetable gardens and gardener's cottage; excellent stabling for 11 horses, with coachman's cottage and outbuildings. The property comprises also 3 farmsteads, 7 cottages, together with conveniently arranged enclosures of park-like pasture and arable land, including many valuable sites for the erection of good-class residences; good shooting; hunting with 3 packs; polo and golf near. Possession on completion.

MESSRS. WALTON AND LEE

(in conjunction with Messrs. G. B. HILLIARD and SON) will offer the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, June 30, 1908, at 2 o'clock, as a whole or in the following Lots, unless privately sold:

Lot 1. — "Trueloves," Residence, grounds, &c.	A.	52	0 18
Lot 2.—Adams and Powis's Farm ..	47	2	20
Lot 3.—Dunstead's and Cornishe's Farm	78	2	9

Particulars of Messrs. G. F. HUDSON MATTHEWS and Co., Solicitors, 32, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Messrs. G. B. HILLIARD and SON, Chelmsford; or Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W.

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SUSSEX COAST (splendidly positioned, commanding unequalled marine and inland views).—The exceptionally choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as "FAIRLIGHT LODGE," about 2½ miles from Hastings, comprising the above picturesque old-fashioned Residence, containing: 4 reception and 14 bedrooms, etc., together with convenient stabling and farmery; beautifully wooded grounds, and park-like pasture surroundings, the whole extending to an area of about 27 acres, 0 roods, 1 perch; hunting with the East Sussex Hounds, within easy reach of 3 good golf courses, and in the midst of desirable social environments.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, June 2, 1908, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold privately).—Particulars of Messrs. WALKER, MARTINEAU and Co., Solicitors, 36, Theobald's Road, Gray's Inn, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

BERKS (River district), 28 miles by motor, 40 miles by G.W.Ry. from London, close to post and telegraph offices, church, etc.—To be LET, Unfurnished, an unusually charming modern RESIDENCE, standing in inexpensive but pretty pleasure grounds, together with 2 paddocks, extending in all to about 3 acres. It contains: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; water is laid on, the drainage is modern, and the premises are lighted throughout by electricity; stabling for 3 horses, saddle room, coach-house, 2 cottages; hunting with foxhounds and staghounds; golf links close by.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,675)

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, charmingly positioned in the prettiest district of Worcestershire, would now be LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, at the abnormally moderate rental of £130 per annum: 4 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, conservatory, good offices and cellarage; water laid on; stabling for 8; cottage and entrance lodge; charming grounds; walled kitchen garden, with vineries, etc., and grassland; in all about 6½ acres.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,660)

ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links).—5,000 gns. will PURCHASE this capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

As a whole or in convenient Lots, the principal of which will be a self-contained RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, consisting of the Mansion, gardens, pleasure grounds, lake, and park; about 140 acres.

GERRARD'S CROSS, BUCKS (20 miles from London, with express train services to and from Paddington and Marylebone, both of which are reached under the half-hour).—PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT of the SALE of the important and unique FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE known as "CHALFONT PARK," situate about half a mile from Gerrard's Cross Station on the Great Central and Great Western Joint main line, and about 5 miles from Beaconsfield, Uxbridge, and Rickmansworth respectively. The property embraces an area of about 974 acres, practically surrounded by main roads, and extending from the picturesque village of Chalfont St. Peter for a distance of about 2½ miles along the beautiful valley of the Misbourne, with magnificently timbered rising ground on either side. It includes the above palatial mansion house in the embattlemented Tudor style, charmingly positioned in the centre of a stately park, fitted and appointed in a most efficient and thorough manner, and possessing every conceivable accessory that luxurious comfort could demand. Also another moderate-sized residence known as "CHALFONT LODGE," with a suitable area of land, several small holdings, and a number of superb building lots, varying from about 22 acres to about 100 acres in extent. The climate is notoriously bracing and healthy, the soil or subsoil is of gravel or of a gravelly nature throughout, and the train service, when developed, will be superior to any within a similar distance of London. Owing to its attractiveness and advantages, the rapid development of the district has already become proverbial, and an opportunity is now afforded to capitalists and others to acquire, as a whole, a property which, if judiciously dealt with, might be made the ideal residential centre for the use of City or West-End business men, whilst if divided into lots provision will be made for the reservation of main road outlets, so that each section may be developed on its own basis.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., in the month of July next, unless previously sold privately.—Particulars are in course of preparation, and, when ready, may be had of Messrs. DRAKE SON, and PARTON, Solicitors, 24, Rood Lane, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; Messrs. W. and F. EVES, Land Agents, 54, High Street, Uxbridge; or of the Auctioneers, 10 Mount Street, W.

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GORNARY. (1¼ hours of London).—To be SOLD, at a great sacrifice, the above attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in exceptionally pretty well-timbered grounds of nearly 3 acres: entrance hall, 4 good reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 4; good outbuildings, conservatory, greenhouse; hunting with 3 packs; fishing; gravel soil. Price, £2,700.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,507)

30 MINUTES OF CITY.

KENT (in a lovely part).—An exceptionally well-built artistic Freehold RESIDENCE in well-shrubbed, tastefully laid-out grounds: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. An exceedingly choice Property. Price, £2,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,521)

A SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY.

WINCHESTER DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with grandly timbered old grounds and pasture-land extending to over 40 acres, standing high, commanding lovely views: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 4; cottages.—Price and full particulars of Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,519)

NEW FOREST DISTRICT.—Charming old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty grounds of about 2 acres running down to the river, with good boating: lounge hall, 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; 2 cottages. Price, £2,250.—Inspected and recommended by Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 6,912)

TAUNTON (9 miles from).—This handsome HOUSE, standing 400ft. above sea, in the midst of 150 acres, for SALE: 20 bed, bathrooms, 5 reception rooms; pleasure grounds with abundance of oak and other timber, delightful walks, wide lawns, productive gardens, etc.; stabling; farmery, cottages, etc.; hunting 4 days weekly.—Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,476)

1¾ acres. Billiard, 7 bed and dressing rooms. 1 Stall.

SURREY, NORWOOD (Upper Gipsy Hill).—For SALE, the above very attractive RESIDENCE, standing in its grounds of 1¾ acres, approached through handsome entrance gates with stone piers and lamps over, and lodge for gardener or coachman. The House is arranged on two floors, and contains: on the ground floor, large hall with fireplace, dining room opening to large verandah with ornamental fountain and basin, drawing room opening to large conservatory, morning room or library, kitchen and usual offices; first floor, billiard room, full size, opening to balcony, heated by hot-water coil from conservatory and fireplace; 6 bedrooms, bathroom with lavatory and dressing room; single-stall stable, double coach-house or motor-house, harness room with fireplace, etc. The grounds are laid out with winding walks, tennis lawn (two courts) in orchard, miniature lake for waterfowl with 25ft. fountain jet, rustic bridge and waterlily pond, very fine old trees, etc.; fine range of chrysanthemum and greenhouses, forcing pits, etc. Price £2,500. Ground rent £35 per annum. Lease about 60 years.—Plan and views at HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

THE BEAU IDEAL.

RENT, £400.

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS (on high ground, sandy soil; sheltered South aspect).—The above GENUINE ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE, amid grand old-world grounds and timber: 14 bed, oak-panelled hall, 3 or 4 reception; electric light; stabling, motor-house; in all 12 acres. Rent, £400, on Lease.—Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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£1,600.—Over 650ft. above sea level, commanding good views, grounds of 2 acres, paddock, and orchard: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, pretty verandah, conservatory; stabling for 2; cottage; extra land can be had.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,447)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

BETWEEN HENLEY AND MARLOW.

THIS CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, on high ground, to LET for the Summer: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception; motor-house; delightful old grounds.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 149)

EXCELLENT FISHING IN THE TEST.

FOR THE SUMMER.—A charming RESIDENCE, in pretty grounds, sloping to the river: 6 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling. ½ mile from station.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 156)

NEW FOREST.

BEAULIEU (near).—The above picturesque BUNGALOW, standing on high ground, to be LET for the Summer: 5 bed, bath, 2 sitting rooms, verandah, etc.; large gardens.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NORTH WALES COAST, BARMOUTH.—Well-Furnished RESIDENCE for the Summer or longer: 8 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms. Excellent boating, fishing, etc. Uninterrupted views.—Photos of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,692)

35 GUINEAS.—FARNHAM DISTRICT.—18 bed, 4 bath, 5 reception, billiard; stabling; beautiful grounds, large lake; electric light, etc. Photos. (F 176)

25 GUINEAS.—LEWES (near).—13 bed, bath, 4 reception; stabling; 35 acres. Would be LET for a year. (F 187)

20 GUINEAS.—IPSWICH (6 miles from).—12 bed, bath, 3 sitting; stabling; close to river and overlooking Harwich Harbour; 24 acres. (6,062)

20 GUINEAS.—ON THE RIVER.—Beautiful gardens: 9 bed, 4 reception, bath; stabling, etc. (7,288)

18 GUINEAS.—ON THE BROADS.—5 principal bedrooms and servants', 4 reception, bath; stables; large grounds. (6,860)

15 GUINEAS.—HERTS.—6 reception, 11 bed, bath; stabling; tennis lawn: 6½ acres; 1½ miles station. (F 71)

20 GUINEAS.—ST. ALBANS (within easy drive of).—Picturesque RESIDENCE: 13 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; grounds, 15 acres. (7,394)

10 GUINEAS.—ESSEX.—30 minutes' express service: 10 bed, bath, 4 reception; large stables; lawns, etc. (F 37)

12 GUINEAS.—ESSEX AND CAMBS. BORDERS—12 bed, bath, 4 reception; stables; shady lawns; excellent coarse fishing; partridge shooting. (4,380)

10 GUINEAS.—CORNWALL COAST.—7 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; grounds, etc. (7,197)

10 GUINEAS.—MAIDENHEAD.—On high ground: 8 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception, billiard; motor-house; tennis court; 1 acre. (F 177)

MESSRS. HARRODS will be pleased to forward full particulars of the above and of other Properties on receipt of requirements. Offices, Brompton Road, S.W.

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SHEPPERTON.—To be LET, Furnished, the above historical old-fashioned RESIDENCE, which has been modernised. There are 4 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, an extremely handsome room (34ft. by 17ft.) opening to large verandah and fitted with stage and foot-lights for amateur theatricals; stabling for 2, coach-house and man's room; grounds include large tennis lawn, fruit and kitchen gardens, meadow, in all about 3 acres; large covered boat-house. Rent, 15gns. per week, or would be Sold.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (E 1,403)

AMBLESIDE DISTRICT.—The above beautifully placed RESIDENCE with 20 acres of grounds to be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD; contains oak-panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling; cottage.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,222)

EAST GRINSTEAD DISTRICT.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, this delightful modern RESIDENCE, with lands extending to 31 acres; the House, which is approached by a short drive, stands well away from the main road, 250ft. above sea level, contains: good hall heated by radiators, dining room, drawing room, small conservatory, morning room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), w.c., large attic, usual domestic offices, extensive cellarage; motor-house and numerous outhouses; acetylene gas throughout; Company's water. The grounds are a special feature, for they include a charming lake of 7 acres in extent (upon which there is a boathouse), with island and woodland beyond. The garden slopes away from the House to a small stream; full-sized tennis court. Rent, Furnished, for the Summer months, 10 guineas weekly, to include garden produce and gardener's wages.
For price and further particulars apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,221)

COMMANDING MOST EXTENSIVE VIEWS. 650FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY HILLS.—To be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a modern RESIDENCE, standing in well-laid-out grounds. The accommodation comprises: hall, cloak room, etc., 3 reception rooms, billiard room, usual offices, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom: excellent fruit and vegetable garden, tennis lawn, in all 2½ acres; motor-house with rooms over.
Further particulars apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,208)

WITHIN EASY DISTANCE OF TOWN.

SURREY (within a mile from the station).—To be SOLD, this delightful RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, beautifully situated. The House stands on high ground, is well drained, and commands lovely views. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, study or morning room, panelled drawing room effectively irregular, conservatory, panelled dining room, ample domestic offices. On the upper floors are 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lavatory, etc.; and in a wing is a handsome billiard room, communicating by balcony and wide steps with the Dutch garden below; electric light throughout; Company's gas and water; perfected drainage; stabling accommodation for 5 to 6 horses; coach-house, harness room; 2 four-roomed cottages; full-sized badminton court, heated with pipes, with dressing room and cloak room adjoining; this can readily be used as a ballroom, studio, or for private theatricals; electric light dynamo and accumulator. The grounds are of great beauty; Dutch garden, small sheet of ornamental water, 2 double tennis courts, summer-house, rose garden, etc.; 2-roomed cottage; in all the area covers fully 16 acres. Golf links within 10 minutes' walk.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,200)

SURREY (in the delightful neighbourhood of Ockley).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charming old-fashioned FARMHOUSE: square entrance "well" hall, drawing room (24ft. by 16ft., with large bow), dining room (16ft. by 16ft.), morning room leading to glass-covered verandah, which is furnished during the summer months; the ceiling of the morning room is all genuine, original old oak beams; principal and secondary staircases leading to 6 bedrooms, bathroom, large kitchen with original oak beams, excellent offices; stabling for 2; coach-house, harness room; garden, in all 1 acre with pond; main water supply, good drainage.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above.
(U 1,183, S 672)

BEAUTIFUL GODSTONE DISTRICT.

TO BE SOLD, a charming old ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms with old oak beams, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; ample buildings and land, in all 157 acres; pleasure grounds immediately around the House are well laid out. Price on application.
Personally inspected by Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,137)

ON THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH DOWNS.

TO BE LET for the Summer months a charming old-fashioned well-furnished MANOR HOUSE, in 16 acres of grounds.
The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, usual offices, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house, gardener's cottage.
The well-kept gardens include 2 tennis lawns, kitchen garden, and paddock.
Rent 10 guineas per week, to include the gardener's wages.
Personally inspected and recommended by Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (S 828)

WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, this charming ISLAND HOME, with secluded grounds of 1 acre, including tennis lawn and rose garden with fountain. Contains: 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); electric light throughout; telephone; Company's water.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (O 324)

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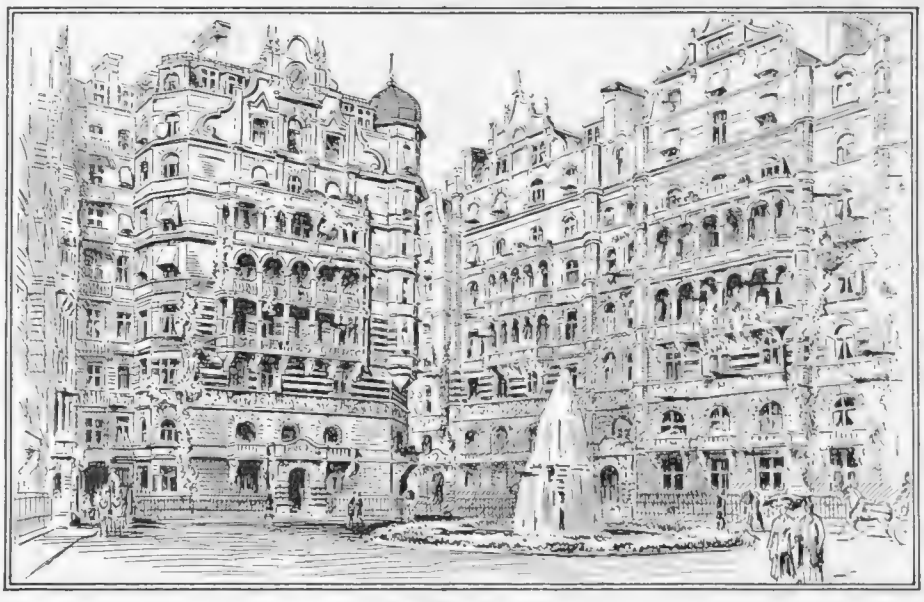

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FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

To those of us who are by way of looking below the surface of projected *modes*, the ripple cast upon the waters by the four Directoire-clad ladies at Longchamp and our one intrepid equestrienne in Rotten Row, is by no means without import. This bold dash from conventionality will either kill the cause completely or advance it quickly into undreamt-of realms of importance. I have before me, as I write, several pictures of the trouser *jupe*. The division is not frightfully apparent, saving only at the hem, while the studied classicality of the styles, together with the finish of fringe or some such decoration, relieves an otherwise impossible situation.

It is possible, of course, to become accustomed to almost anything; at the same time, I have grave doubts whether we are going to be cajoled into wearing even the very clinging skirt much longer, and that is a very long way indeed behind the daring Directoire.

An Original Design for a Bridesmaid's Dress

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Picture Frocks for Bridesmaids

It has so chanced that my critical faculty has been aroused recently over the garbing of bridesmaids. An intimate connection with one or two weddings made me think seriously over the systematically unfortunate selection for maids' dresses. Naturally, there are difficulties, the exponents themselves not being made to order, like their gowns. Speaking selfishly, I should feel inclined to waive sentiment if I were a bride, and so avoid extremes of size and great diversities of style with the bridesmaids. It is futile to expect harmony to prevail when one girl stands 5ft. 10in., and is big in proportion, and another barely touches 5ft., while yet a third may attain to extravagant inches in the matter of height and be, out of all proportion, slim. With such varying material to work on, it takes more than mere genius to create an *ensemble* that shall be generally pleasing. And, doubtless, that is the reason why decision has perforce to fall back on nondescript design, nondescript *modistes*, moreover, being usually entrusted with the order. Also, with but few exceptions, a certain economy has to be practised, and the result of talking over these various contingencies has resulted in Mrs. Dorothy Millar creating an original design that has been thought out primarily with comparatively moderate purses in view.

In the matter of description we are rather embarrassed by choice. The cost would not be in any way exhaustive if *charmeuse* satin were selected for the pretty Josephine skirt, white for choice, together with *ninon* for the soft little corsage, enframed with soft lace that is just tinted out of hardness. The sash of *crêpe de Chine* might be in that delicate blue shade so frequently expressed by Romney, that would be repeated, but very discreetly, in the hat of white chip, massed with tulle and shaded pink roses. The tiny *décolleté* guimpe is of pin-tucked tulle, and finishes with a little turn-down collar of Malines lace.

Talking of roses brings the irresistible desire to describe an alternative, truly more costly, but oh! so beautiful. The idea is based on that exquisite

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rose known as MarieVan Horette, which is of the softest tenderest yellow, the petals turning to a delicate pink at the tip. To portray such colouring, a deep ivory chiffon should veil an under-dress of soft pink chiffon over satin, the roses accentuating the intention, while the sash would be yellow, toned as nearly as possible to the veiled gown. But the hard, high-waist skirt and limp bodice have advantages in that they are more practical, and could be worked down to even a more moderate scale than that originally suggested by substituting a fine face-cloth for the satin *charmeuse*.

A Child's Summer Pelisse

The success of an original design for a little smock frock we gave a few weeks ago has emboldened us to proffer a summer pelisse of white spot muslin for a girlie of some seven years, arranged with a slightly full skirt, mounted on to a short bodice, and large cape collar and deep turn-back cuffs of plain muslin-edged Irish *guipure*. Accompanying this coat is one of the pretty mob-cap hats of the same muslin, set within a double brim of fine lace, above which is twisted a soft *mousseline* satin ribbon, the ends tied in a big bow across the front.

A Summer Pelisse for a Little Girl
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Kenneth Durward, Conduit Street

To sportswomen and men alike, the Stand No. 200 at the Franco-British Exhibition, occupied by the above-named firm, will afford considerable interest. The name of Kenneth Durward is one that has travelled far and wide, and commands, not merely respect, but absolute submission, where the sport's garment is concerned. Without deviating a hair's breadth from the ground they have for so long made a speciality, Messrs. Kenneth Durward contrive to inspire each season's offerings with a freshness of aspect. And, on the stand in question, there will be found every immediately interesting garment of sporting value, together with the firm's remarkable range of friezes, tweeds, and cloths, all whereof are their own exclusive production.

The Menu

One of the most seasonable of the many delicacies in our food market, and one that is always welcome, is "Spring chickens." To have them absolutely in perfection they should be spatchcocked and grilled, as follows: Divide the birds down the back, truss flat with skewers, season well with pepper and salt, and brush over with the best salad oil or oiled fresh butter, put the chickens on the grid-iron and grill, turning frequently. Fifteen minutes will be long enough to cook over a clear fire. Put on a hot dish, and garnish with tomatoes and mushrooms, and a boat of Tartar sauce. Now I am on the subject of grilling, I wonder if any of my readers have ever tried a "grilled shoulder of lamb." It should be a *small* one, and should be roasted or placed in the oven for about half an hour. Take it out, and well season each side with oiled butter, a sprinkling of black pepper, and lemon-juice; then broil over a clear and gentle fire until well done. This dish, with an accompaniment of clear gravy or sauce piquante and a salad, will be found a repast fit for an epicure.

Sauce Piquante.—Put 1oz. of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, 3oz. of water, quarter of a teaspoonful of flour, yolk of one egg, and a little sauce into a saucepan; place on the fire and stir till thick, but do not let it boil, then take off the fire and slowly stir in a teaspoonful of lemon-juice.

A Compote of Pigeons

Wood pigeons, if well hung, are good eating, and cooked according to the following recipe are highly recommended. Clean three pigeons thoroughly, draw the legs inside the body, and truss to a neat shape. Cut about 2oz. of lean ham or bacon into small strips, and fry in a stewpan. When cooked take the pieces out and then fry a few mushrooms, two shallots, a very little carrot and turnip, all cut up small, then add the pigeons, and fry all till nicely brown. Stir in a tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and pepper, and a pint of seasoned stock, cover the stewpan, and let stew till tender, about two hours and a half; a wineglass of sherry should be added to the sauce at the last. The pigeons should be served whole on a bed of mashed potatoes or spinach, the sauce being strained round them. A garnish of green peas gives a complete finish to this delicious dish.

A Cheese Biscuit Savoury

Procure some plain biscuits, cream crackers, or the very thin Passover biscuits (they can be obtained at Harrod's or Whiteley's), pound well together some grated cheese, butter, and a little cayenne pepper, stir over the fire until well blended, put this mixture between two biscuits, and place them without separating in a brisk oven till very crisp. Serve in pairs.

Emilia.

Facts: Not Fancies.

Three great grains—wheat, rice, and maize—one hundred species of fishes, two sugars, a dozen starchy roots and tubers, twenty or thirty fruits, forty or fifty vegetables, these make up two-thirds of the food supply of the inhabitants of the world.

Twenty or thirty fruits! Take just one of them, and that the most nourishing of all fruits—currants, which have been known ever since Pliny's day as the little Greek grapes of fine quality and thin skin. Our merchants tell us that here in Britain we consume 62,000 tons of currants annually, and it is an actual fact that over two-thirds of the entire weight of this enormous quantity of currants is purest nutriment—presented in the form of grape-sugar, just ready for digestion.

Think, then, what a wonderful part the homely little dried currant plays in the building of the British nation, and be glad that it is not only very nutritious, but wonderfully cheap.

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Rowland's Kalydor

"For *Your* Skin,"

which is most **Cooling, Soothing,** and **Healing** for the Skin, removes all Irritation, Spots, etc., and produces a beautifully **Pure** and **Delicate Complexion.**

Sizes **2/3** and **4/6.** Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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You are invited to send for the Hall's Distemper booklet, "Modern Development in House Decoration," with coloured views of Dining, Drawing, Bedroom and Library in Hall's Distemper Decoration, sent post free on application to the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers—

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The Editor's Box

"Printer's Pie"

If you want to laugh in a good cause, get hold of a copy of this year's "Printers' Pie," which is full of fun, pictorial and otherwise, from start to finish. From John Hassall's clever cover, "Bigger Than Last Year," to F. Anstey's "Moral Reflections at the Natural History Museum," on p. 113, it is a budget of good things, and its sale should lead to a substantial sum being handed over to the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, in whose interest Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode has for the last six years produced "Printers' Pie."

Music at Guy's

The Spring Concert of the Guy's Hospital Musical Society, under the able conductorship of Mr. Henry Taylor, was held in the Hospital Court Room the other evening, at which the choir acquitted themselves well. E. Prout's "Freedom" was a good piece of work, and dainty and seasonable was "Spring's Message." Kipling's "The Flag of England," a dramatic and inspiring piece, was given with dash and precision, the attacks being especially good. In the second part of the programme, devoted to the orchestra, the best items were Mr. Hector Loos's violin solos and Schubert's "Moment Musical." Nurse Bingham's and Sister Ethel's accompaniments call for the highest praise. The programme cover was specially designed by Mr. R. M. Wingate, of Guy's, and represented St. Cecilia at the organ. We wish, however, that when Saints—or "Saintesses"—begin to cultivate a nimbus they would not do their hair in plaits. The effect is not becoming.

New Records

Visitors to the Carlton Hotel last week had the opportunity of listening to the newest gramophone records, several being accompanied by the hotel orchestra. The latest additions to the collection include renderings by Caruso, Scotti, Miss Geraldine Farrar, and other famous opera stars.

Æolian Hall

A successful vocal recital was given at the Æolian Hall on Tuesday week by Miss Muriel Carryer and Mr. Jean Bernard. Miss Carryer is the possessor of a powerful and attractive soprano, which was heard to good effect in Tosti's "Io son l'amore" and Franz's "Im Herbst." Mr. Bernard, who has done a good deal of work in Grand Opera, rendered several examples by Eugène Diaz, Delibes, and Paladilhe, and especial mention should be made of his selection from Diaz's opera, *Benvenuto*.

Miniature Masterpieces

Though one cannot go quite so far as to say that "the mount makes the picture," yet a mount may frequently mar a most artistic piece of work, just as it may also greatly enhance its effectiveness. These thoughts are engendered by the receipt of some exquisite specimens of Raphael Tuck's "plate-marked Oilette" postcards. The "Oilette" cards, often hard to distinguish from actual oil paintings, are now quite old favourites, but the latest departure of reproducing these little gems of art on sunk white mounts is an admirable one, and is a great improvement. Another notable addition is the appropriate poetical quotation printed with each picture. The series at present includes the following subjects: Scott's country, "A-Hunting We Will Go," "Rough Seas," "Rural England," "Lovely Lakeland," the Emerald Isle, Old English Masters, and "Sunset Glow." Several new varieties of the original "Oilette" series are also now obtainable, most interesting among which are "English Cottage Homes" and "Famous British Cattle." The mere announcement that Messrs. Tuck have made a new departure will inevitably lead to the purchase of the series by the ardent picture postcard collector, who knows that "Tuck's cards are the best."

Perfectos Finos

For cigarette smokers Messrs. Player have placed on the market a new brand entitled "Perfectos Finos." These will only appeal to the man who wants a very high-class cigarette, most carefully made of selected long-cut Virginian tobacco. They are to be purchased in boxes of 50 and 100 at 4*s*. and 8*s*. respectively. The boxes are choicely got up, and make a very nice present sure to be appreciated by any friend who knows a good cigarette when it is offered him.

Whitsuntide Holidays

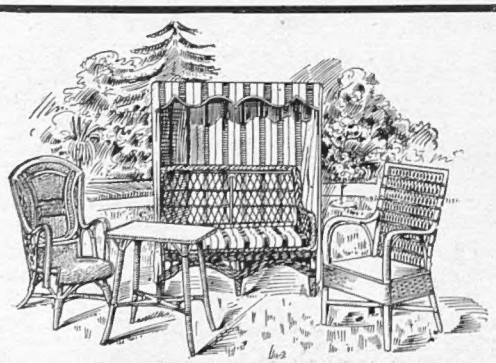
The A.B.C. Programme of Excursions just issued by the Great Central Railway Company is particularly interesting. Within its covers are conveniently tabulated an inexhaustible choice of resorts suitable for all tastes and requirements. Over 300 seaside and inland holiday resorts in the Midlands and the North, including Liverpool, Isle of Man, and West Coast, Cleethorpes, Scarborough, and East Coast, Vale of Aylesbury, Chiltern Hills, and Stratford-on-Avon, can be reached in quick time by convenient trains, the visit extending over a week, and, with few exceptions, costing only a sovereign or less. Tourist and week-end tickets are obtainable to a large number of places at low fares, and the choice of destination stretches from the Midland Counties to the far North of Scotland.

A Royal Appointment

We are glad to note that the Orchestrelle Company, the manufacturers of the well-known Pianolas, have been appointed manufacturers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

A Hooping Cough Cure

So few old-fashioned remedies survive in this scientific age that the fact that Roche's Herbal Embrocation, a cure for hooping cough, still finds favour is quite an excellent recommendation. What other is needed for a medicine that has not to be swallowed, comes from the countless numbers of people who have benefited by it, and from such an authority as Dr. Chavasse. Anyway, if you are unfortunate enough to be afflicted with disease, give the embrocation a trial. Every chemist sells it.



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